THE BYSTANDER
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NOVEMBER 27, 1934

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The BYSTANDER

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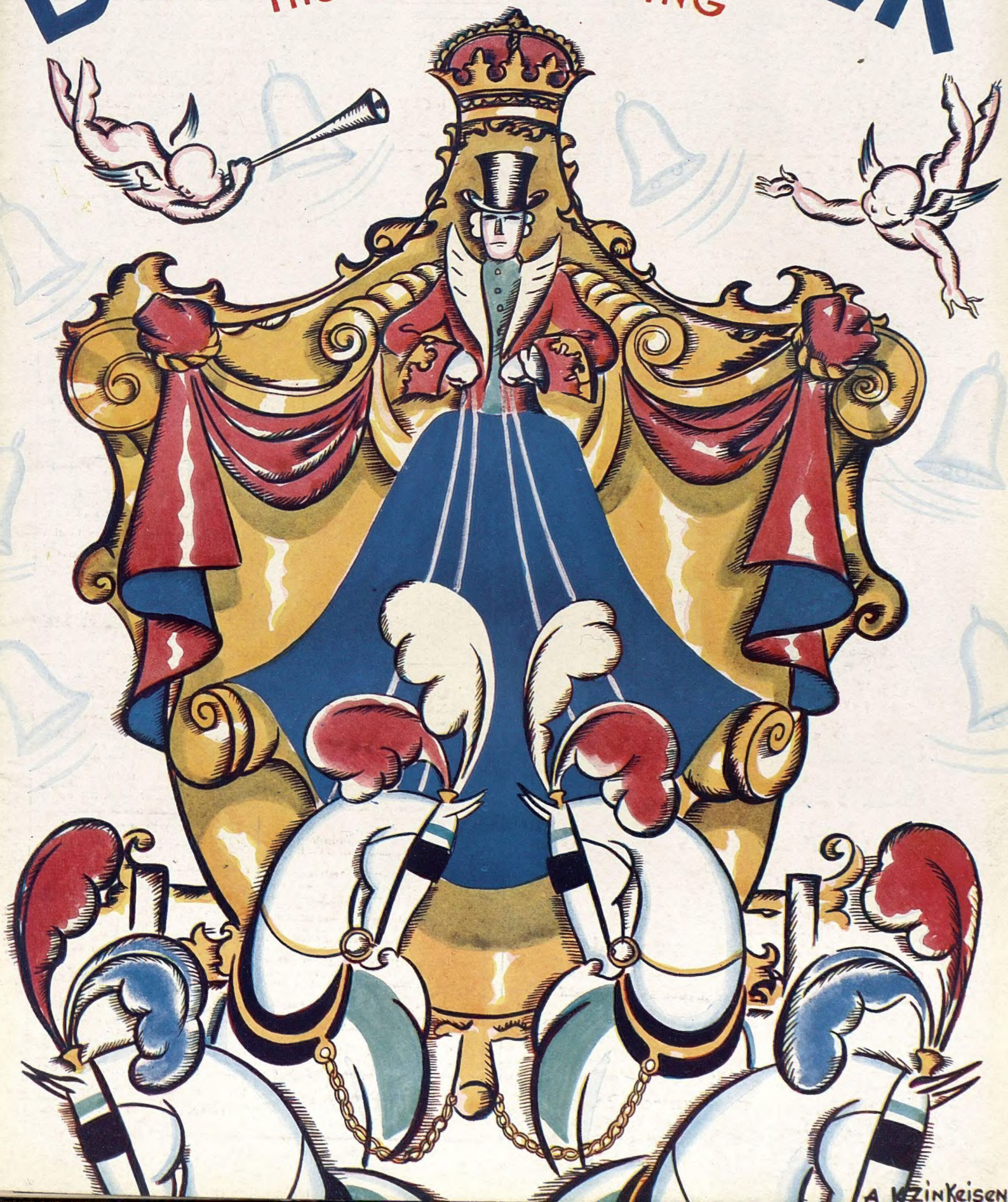
The ROYAL WEDDING



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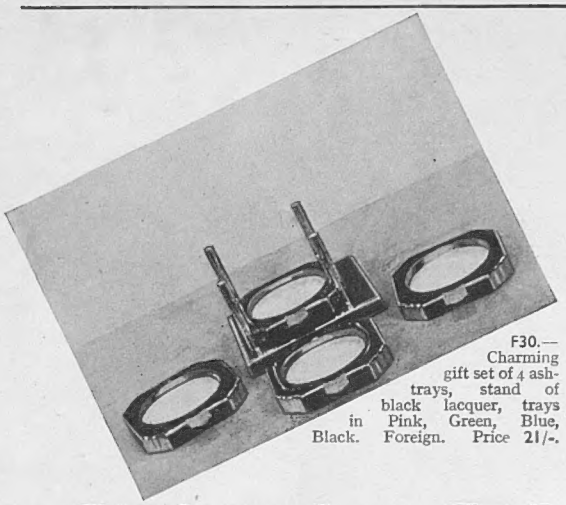

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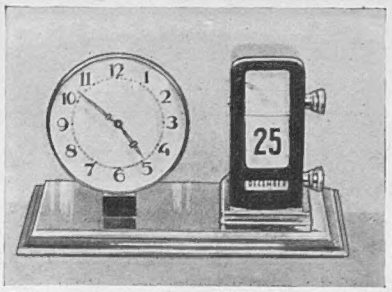

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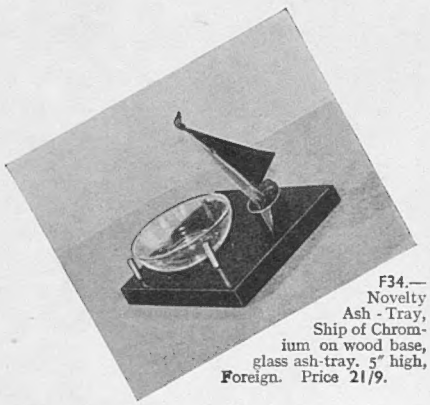

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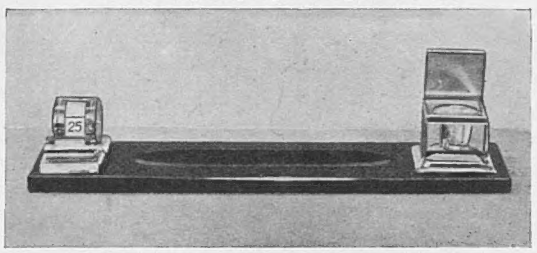

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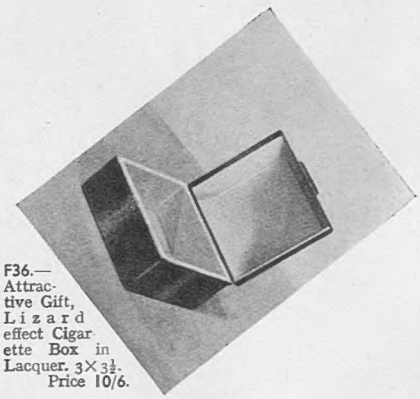

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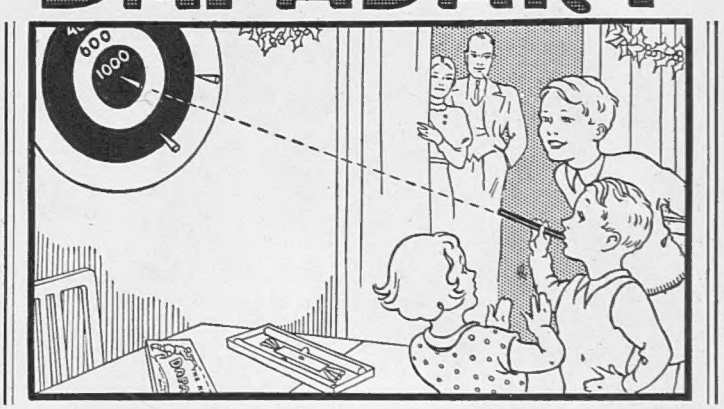

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The Bystander, November 27, 1934

No. 1615. Vol. CXXIV.

The BYSTANDER

EXPECTATION . . .

HERE is the Duke of Kent waiting for Princess Marina at Dover, he and Lord Reading, the Mayor of Dover, and the rest of the official party all with their eyes on the Canterbury as she came alongside the quay last Wednesday. And here are four characteristic snapshots of Princess Marina, taken in Paris while she was buying her trousseau, and on her last journey to London as an unmarried girl. It was sad that she had such a gloomy, foggy day to arrive on. If hopes can make the sun shine, next Thursday will be like midsummer

JOURNEY'S END

Mayfair, All Mayfair

Some Not-Unknown Faces at a New Restaurant

Above: Lord Rosse, Mrs. Armstrong-Jones and her brother, Mr. Oliver Messel, who is responsible for the décor of San Marco, the new Devonshire House restaurant at the opening night of which these photographs were taken last week

Left: Mrs. Euan Wallace was in the same party as Lord Castlerosse and his after-supper cigar

Above: the Hon. Mrs. Peter Rodd talking to Lord Stanley of Alderley and Mr. John Sutro, who had come on from Sadler's Wells

Right: Lady Charles Cavendish and Lady Dufferin and Ava, Mrs. Philip Kindersley's sister. She had been to the Opening of Parliament the same day

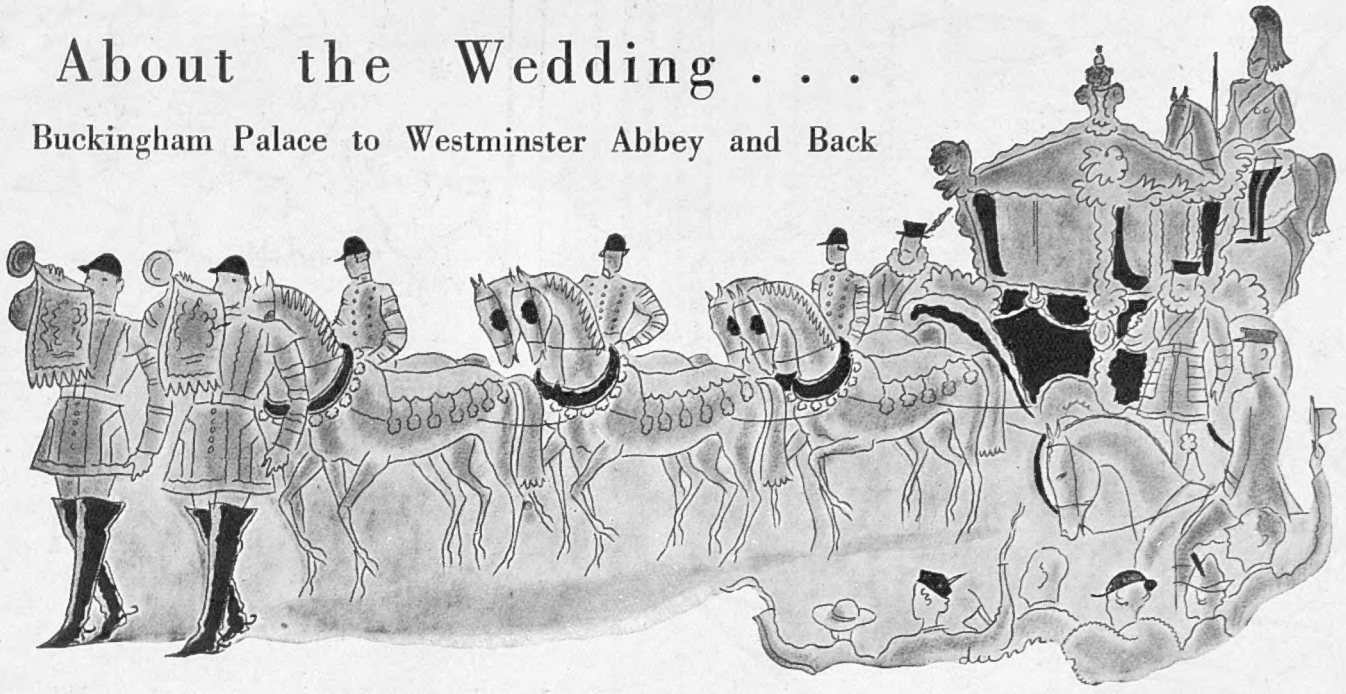
Marion Harris, who sang some saucy songs and got her usual "encore" reception, is making eyes at Lord Poulett, plus a wisecrack, judging by his expression

Miss Lisa Maugham, who has thousands of friends, having a word or two with Mrs. Philip Kindersley; the latter's husband is there too, in the background

Photographs by Swaebe

About the Wedding . . .

Buckingham Palace to Westminster Abbey and Back



NOT in the lives of many of us has there been such a "do" at Buckingham Palace as there is going to be for this Royal wedding on November 29th. The marriages of the Duke of York and the Princess Royal are as nothing compared with this. The whole of the world is agog with excitement, and especially London. No one has talked of anything much else for months. The Queen herself has been busier than most, arranging the Palace to make space for all the dozens of members of foreign royal families who are trooping over. Buckingham Palace always looks vast, but actually has very few spare rooms, so her Majesty has been turning sitting-rooms into bedrooms. Where the extra beds are coming from we don't know, but feel sure they won't be camp beds! The Duke of Gloucester's suite is being used, as he, unfortunately, won't want it himself, being on the opposite side of the world. Another royal absentee is Princess Ingrid, who everybody put down as a certain starter among the bridesmaids. On the contrary, she is travelling abroad and enjoying herself very much, we hear.

TO return to Buckingham Palace. Princess Marina and her father and mother are going to occupy a suite on the principal corridor of the first floor, with a nice view of Queen Victoria and the Mall stretching away behind her; the King and Queen of Denmark will have the Belgian suite and no stairs to climb, merely a few passages to traverse, as it 's on the ground floor. Other Royal personages will be dotted about all over London, some in hotels, some at Kensington Palace, others at Forbes House, Lord Granard's abode in Halkin Street, and others at Seaford House, Belgrave Square.

THE bride is not following the usual scheme of dress for her child bridesmaids. She is dressing them in short frocks instead of ankle-length ones like most brides of to-day. They are made with tight bodices and sticking-out skirts, not unlike those of ballet dancers, and are of a silver-and-white material, mostly silver, with white roses round the neck, and the whole frock is covered with masses of white net, which also makes the frilly sleeves. The elder bridesmaids are to have frocks very like that of the bride herself in shape, only without the long silver train that she has. They will have the same silver to line the wide sleeves of their dresses, which are made of heavy white crêpe with silver threads running through the material. White roses in wreaths instead of hats on their heads. In fact, the rose of England is much to the fore, as the bride's own dress is white and silver in a rose design. She will look quite lovely, as simple things suit her, and her dress couldn't be simpler with its princess lines. Her mother's lace veil and masses of diaphanous white tulle will fall from the diamond tiara and cover most of the four-and-a-half-yards long silver train.

THE thing that really upsets us is to think that the bride is being called at 7.30 on her wedding morning, breakfasts in her room at eight o'clock, and then starts the dressing, for which two hours have been allowed on the programme—and that should be just about enough, we consider! She will be dressed by her own maid, who has been with her for years, and who is probably quite the most thrilled person that exists, by her Lady-in-Waiting, Lady Mary Hope, and by the Queen's dresser, who will also be busy dressing the Queen, so will have her work cut out rushing between the two. When the Princess is ready she is inspected by the Queen in her Majesty's room (what happens if she doesn't approve of the result we can't think), and then she leaves the Palace at 10.45, and the crowd get their look in, if there isn't a fog.

THE QUEEN has issued instructions that women attending the wedding are to wear long dresses and, rumour has it, with trains attached. Hats, of course, as they are going to church, and white gloves are also to be worn. Westminster Abbey being a bit on the dark side, like so many churches, her Majesty doesn't want to see dark colours on the women guests. It 's being found more than difficult to choose bright colours that don't clash with the scarlet uniforms worn by the men present. However, the clothes of the guests who are neither relations nor Kings and Queens of other countries won't be noticed after the service is over, as none of them go on to the Palace. There is by no means the same sort of reception there as most ordinary folk have.

(Continued on page 432)

Three of the Royal Visitors to London

Prince Peter of Greece, son of Prince George of Greece, and a nephew of the late King Constantine

Princess Hélène of Rumania, sister of ex-King George of Greece, and wife of Prince Carol of Rumania

Princess Andrew of Greece, sister of the Marquess of Milford Haven; her husband is a brother of the late King Constantine

Reunion in LONDON

England At Home to the World

By Mirón

ENGLAND is At Home this week, on the occasion of a family celebration, to a foreign world that has almost forgotten to enjoy itself, to members of ruling and exiled dynasties, some of them very ghostly Royal houses indeed, Romanoff and Bourbon. The years roll back: they are Royal once more, and the Grand Dukes are grand again. There is a faint touch of Offenbach about the scene. It must seem a happy dream to our visitors, this gayest and most romantic of international weddings, for there has not been any noticeable rejoicing on the Continent of late. Altogether, we are promised fifty-seven royalties in the Abbey, and if there are not fifty-seven varieties among them, they are varied enough in personality and circumstance. If only a London Peculiar does not veil them from our gaze, we hope to greet them noisily from our stands on Thursday.

We seem to find these visitors more sympathetic now than in the old days. Perhaps the Hollywood lessons of publicity in its best sense (making friends of the public) have gone home. They are no longer remote and chilly, Exalted Beings. The royal ladies are nowadays very smart and disarmingly gracious and friendly; whereas, formerly—you have only to compare by looking, as I have just been doing, at the wood-cuts of the 'eighties and noting those stout and Gothic Princesses from Middle Europe, in stiff bustles and rigid brocades, with grim chignons or fringes. It was King Alfonso, as a boy (he was always a King, even pre-natally), who, finding these immensities irresistible, placed several pins on a chair. He recovered them later—bent. Such heavy protection went naturally with a stiff manner . . .

IT was our Prince who first started the fashion of smiling, which was then such a surprise that it was specially remarked. Now They all smile. They have always, of

Princess Réné de Bourbon

Prince Réné de Bourbon

The Countess Törring

Princess Katherine of Greece

course, bowed, but that is not the same thing. The bow could be quite mechanical, and one is reminded of the story of a British Embassy official who found himself in the ex-Tsar's car and pressed a button in error to signal to the chauffeur, whereupon the seat rocked and precipitated him into a gracious bow to an empty street. An invention I suspect to have been widely used at the smaller German Courts . . .

SOME of the more romantic figures in the Abbey will include the head of the House of Romanoff—H.I.H. Grand Duke Cyril (pronounced " Kiril ") and his wife. It is usually stated that he is Tsar-presumptive, but the Tsar, in abdicating, omitted to appoint any heirs. His abdication was hurriedly typed in a sleeping-car, so it may be that this omission is the greatest typist's error of all time.

The Grand Duchess, sister of Queen Marie of Rumania, and one of Queen Mary's bridesmaids in 1893, was one of the large family of the Duke of Edinburgh (a son of Queen Victoria), who married the only daughter of Tsar Alexander II. Her husband is son of the Grand Duke Vladimir, who used to come often to London with his delightful wife ; they were great friends of Lady Ripon, and were seen at the opera and at amusing luncheons in Willis's Rooms (London's only restaurant then). With them will be their charming daughter, Princess Kyra, one of the bridesmaids, and Prince Vladimir—both are staying with friends in Belgrave Square. Also here are the Grand Duke and Duchess of Hesse, he very musical and the friend and patron of Keyserling, the philosopher. They were so popular in their duchy that the

Princess Kyra of Russia

The Grand Duchess Victoria Feodorovna

people insisted on their remaining when all the many German Courts collapsed in 1918; the only instance, I believe.

Though most of our royal visitors from abroad are in town house-parties (something new in social life), even Brown's Hotel, formerly so favoured by Princess Marina and her parents, is " deserted." However, the King and Queen of Norway stopped at Claridge's before arriving at the Palace. In the sun at Monte Carlo at the moment there sits the incredibly distinguished old diplomat who made Norway a kingdom (in the days when people still had illusions about republics), and, even more far-seeing, visited King Edward at Cowes to ask for an English Queen—and got her. The King and Queen of Denmark are accompanied by Prince Valdemar, the Grand Old Man of the wedding. At the Carlton are Prince and Princesse Réné de Bourbon and the King of Belgium's brother, Prince Charles, too, has arrived.

The bride's father, Prince Nicholas, is such a sound painter that he was able to exhibit his delightful landscapes four years ago in London under the unhelpful disguise of Monsieur Prince. At the private view, I noticed that Lord Duveen bought one of the canvases.

Someone has just reminded me that many of Queen Mary's wedding attendants will be present on Thursday, including Princess Helena Victoria, Lady Patricia Ramsay, and the Infanta Beatrice (wife of Infante Alonso), the two last-named being then, of course, children.

The bride's two sisters have arrived from Munich via Paris. Princess Olga of Yugoslavia, the very intelligent and sympathetic wife of (Regent) Prince Paul, whom we have all seen about town so often. Countess Törring is married into one of those grand old Bavarian families. Princesse Hélène of Rumania, a cousin, wife of King Carol and daughter of King " Tino," has arrived from Florence ; also her sister, Princess Irene, who is a bridesmaid. We shall not see the Crown Prince and Princess of Sweden, nor Princess Ingrid, as they are travelling in the Far East.

OUR method of entertaining illustrious wedding guests has varied with the season of the year. A favourite in the old days was a Covent Garden gala, such as that held a few days before the wedding of our King and Queen, in July 1893. They draped the old house with white brocade and hung swags of artificial flowers—artificial because it was agreed that the scent of real flowers would be overpowering. You may conclude either that they were easily overpowered in those days or that flowers have lost their scent, as is often announced. The tiaras came out, the satin programmes shone, and the singers, paralysed by the gala atmosphere, sang flat in Gounod's opera, thoughtfully chosen, of *Roméo et Juliette* . . .

A ROYAL bride of 1871 was Princess Louise, that wonderful old lady of Kensington Palace, and there is a picture, worthy of Frith, of the gay scene at Windsor Station, with the arrival of the foreign royalties, bewigged judges, diplomats, such statesmen as Gladstone and Disraeli, the Lord Mayor of Dublin with a deputation and a long address, great ladies in pink and white satin climbing into the royal carriages, with royal servants as plentiful as porters under the round gas-lamps. There followed mediæval pageantry in St. George's Chapel, wedding breakfast in the Waterloo Chamber, and the cutting of the always-rococo wedding-cake, perched precariously on an occasional table . . .

Princess Paul of Yugoslavia

Prince Valdemar of Denmark

A Great "Hamlet"

John Gielgud's Production at the New Theatre

Sketches by ROUSON

The latest Ophelia (Jessica Tandy)

"Alas, poor Yorick!" Hamlet (John Gielgud) soliloquises for the benefit of friend Horatio (Jack Hawkins)

Heavy politics and light relief creates an unusual Polonius (George Howe)

Gertrude, the Queen, a quick-marrying widow (Laura Cowie)

Arranging a bump-off in the good old days: Claudius (Frank Vosper) and Laertes (Glen Byam-Shaw)

CELEBRITIES in CAMEO

No. 78

Philip De László

Potted by Charles Gay

Caricatured by Sirra

PHILIP DE LÁSZLÓ is the most patrician, if not royal, of all our artists. A Hungarian by birth, but British by naturalisation, he likes to paint portraits of people in robes, armour, coronets, and as fine a feudal background as possible. There is scarcely a crowned head in Europe which he has not painted—the Kaiser, Princess Marina, the Duke of Kent, the Duke and Duchess of York, the late Emperor Franz Josef, Ferdinand and Boris of Bulgaria, the princelings of Saxe-Weimar, Saxony, Luxembourg and Bavaria, the Pope, four Presidents of the United States, the late King Edward and Queen Alexandra.

To-day, at the age of sixty-five, he is as young at heart as he was in his student days at Venice and Munich. He paints all day. If he has not a sitter he will do a flower picture or a landscape. He even sculpts. He has already five bronzes to his name. He has, though, never exhibited a nude in his life. But he is going to do so.

He likes to paint wet in wet. He likes to take physical exercises every morning. He disapproves of Hitler, and make-up on English blondes. He says they look as stupid as pagodas. He drinks very little and smokes very little. He has a lovely house in Fitzjohn Avenue, decorated almost entirely by his own works. He keeps a full diary every day and always has shots taken of his sitters in the garden with his movie camera.

He dislikes modern art. He regards it as unmoral. He still has difficulty with v and ing (pronounced "ink"), although he has lived here since 1907, and has had two sons at Oxford and three at Cambridge. His wife was a Miss Guinness, whom he met in his student days. He is one of the few close friends of the Duke of Portland. He has never forgotten the wretched time he had during the war, when ultimately he had Sir John Simon to represent and completely vindicate him. He suffered for four years.

NOW he is writing his reminiscences, and he is sparing no one who hurt him then. Small and erect, with tufts of white hair on either side of his peculiarly wide head, he has a habit of cocking a warning finger, and of explaining with the open palm, like a charming old professor of dramatics. Yet he has a bristling military moustache and the eye of a fighter.

He is longing to refuse commissions for portraits in order to paint large compositions for his own satisfaction. When he paints a man he tries to put on canvas his standard of life. When he paints a woman he endeavours to portray her intelligence, good taste, innocence, and charm.

He does not like them to look practical. But then who does?

• FILMS of the DAY

The Market is Steady

By SYDNEY TREMAYNE

WHETHER it is a tribute to the increasing merit of film-plays or the more faithful spirit of cinema audiences, the fact remains that première presentations become longer and longer. At the present moment there seems no particular reason why *One Night of Love* should ever be withdrawn from the Carlton, which justifies a successful exhibitor's theory that "you can't keep the public away from a good show," for the queues are just as dense as they were during the first week. And we have the strange phenomenon of the Carlton patrons whom Mae West made so very much her own last year unable to go up and see her for some time in her new picture, *Belle of the Nineties*, because the theatre is filled to capacity by a star and a picture as diametrically different from Mae West and her "stuff" as it would be possible to imagine.

"CARAVAN," at the Curzon, is another lovely picture which looks like holding the attention of the public for a season instead of a second. It is significant that music is the raison d'être of both these films, although the brilliant spectacle and glamorous settings of the Erik Charell production are contributory attractions. It is almost superfluous to repoint the argument by mentioning *The Unfinished Symphony* and *Blossom Time*, which continues to defy meteorological conditions!

Right: Cary Grant is one of the two English stars, Elissa Landi being the other, in the new Paramount film, "Enter, Madame," which will be shown in London before long. The rumour that made such a stir a few weeks back that he had tried to poison himself turned out to be entirely without foundation

Cary Grant

EVIDENTLY the English now take their pleasures melodiously rather than sadly. That is why I do not think *Of Human Bondage*, in spite of Leslie Howard's well-deserved hold on public affection, will be a popular success. Both the hero's physical and the girl's mental and moral infirmities are depressing.

"The Richest Girl in the World"

A nice hot-weather picture of Joel McCrea and Fay Wray in the film which was at the Plaza last week, and of which Miriam Hopkins was the star. Joel McCrea is Marlene Dietrich's leading man in her new picture, "Carnival in Spain"

THE longevity of other films is chiefly dependent on "star-appeal." *Bulldog Drummond* cannot be said to be a good example even of its kind, but the fidelity of Ronald Colman's fans is impervious to the quality of his material. A George Arliss picture always breaks endurance records. While *The Last Gentleman* is settling down nicely at the Leicester Square Theatre, *The House of Rothschild* is still being screened in London, and *The Iron Duke*, in the making, may well make its appearance before the demise of the other two. Mr. Arliss's art has vintage quality, and Warner Brothers are actually and confidently re-issuing eight past successes, including *Disraeli* and *Voltaire*.

OF the new films, *The World Moves On*, with Madeleine Carroll and Franchot Tone in the chief parts, lays claim to some importance. But as anti-war propaganda it defeats its own purpose by making its argument a personal instead of a universal one. The question of divided fealty when people of different nationalities marry and their respective countries go to war is, after all, a minor tragedy in all the horrors involved. The personal problems of the characters in this film do not seem vital enough to move one to any deep indignation. But the picture is sincere, within its limits, and in the now somewhat dated *Cavalcade* manner. The most dramatic moments are modern news-reel interpolations, which goes to show that the part may be greater than the whole.

"THE RICHEST GIRL IN THE WORLD" is a bright and incredible trifle in which Miriam Hopkins deals with the age-old problem of whether a rich girl can be sure she is loved for herself alone. Add to this the well-worn expedient of impersonation—the secretary posing as the heiress to test the lover's disinterestedness, and you will not expect any startling originality of theme or situation or any exigeant demands on cerebral concentration. The most experimental aspects of the film are Miriam Hopkins' coiffurial adventures. She looks delightful and acts in her usual finished manner. Fay Wray is the other girl, a part which makes few demands on her histrionic ability or talents as a siren. Other attractions are Joel McCrea, definitely a more human being than the other characters, and Reginald Denny, whose breezy, good-humoured method is much in demand "in support" nowadays. He has a charming knack of taking advantage of being put at a disadvantage.

Shopping in Hollywood

Two Angles on a Divinity

The Camera Sees Greta Garbo from Above: An Artist Sees Her in Profile

THE GARBO instinct against non-business publicity grows no less, and the efforts of the camera-men around Hollywood to scoop a good private-life picture of her continue to keep them busy at unlikely times and places. The photograph above was taken while Garbo was out shopping, wearing a skirt for once; the white-trousered figure following on is that of her friend, Mme. da Costa. On the right is a sketch by Gitano of the star as she appears in the M.-G.-M. film of Somerset Maugham's novel "The Painted Veil," in which she plays an Austrian girl, with Herbert Marshall as her husband. The director is the Polish ex-officer, Richard Boleslavsky. "The Painted Veil" is Garbo's first picture since "Queen Christina"; it's not likely to be seen over here for some little time yet

In "The Painted Veil"

The Duke of Kent

Five Stages in the Life of a Prince

1912—Church Parade at Balmoral

Prince George, Prince Albert, Princess Mary, the Prince of Wales, and Prince Henry as they were in 1912, when the Duke of Kent was ten years old. On the right is a snapshot of Prince George, on the scenic railway at the British Empire Exhibition at Wembley in 1924

1920—As a Naval Cadet

Prince George as a cadet on H.M.S. Temeraire in 1920, the year before he became a midshipman

As a Small Boy

An early photograph of the Duke of Kent, when he wore a sailor suit but hadn't yet joined the Navy

1910—Rifle Drill for the Princes

Prince Henry (the Duke of Gloucester), aged ten, and Prince George (the Duke of Kent), aged eight, learning rifle-drill at Balmoral, during their summer holidays

Standing By . . .

A Weekly Commentary on One Thing and Another

By "The Bystanders"

A PRETTY fierce floodlight will illumine the movements of the first batch of graduates of the Police College, who, the Home Secretary informed somebody or other in the Commons the other day, will begin their duties "about the beginning of 1936."

The first to feel the bleak east wind whistling round their dress trousers may be the night-clubs. Up to now, policemen disguised in evening clothes on night-club duty have continually given themselves away by some trifling solecism—a superfluity of bulgy feet, for example, or a decorative quiff, or an up-and-down collar, or pink socks, or what not. We take it that the Police College curriculum includes a course of dressing like night-club habitués, many of whom are indistinguishable outwardly from diplomats, or stockbrokers of charm and poise. (And, if it isn't rude, incidentally, may we remind you of Oscar Wilde's remark that in an evening coat even a stockbroker looks civilised ?)

We wouldn't mind being on secret night-club duty ourselves—attached, that is, to the more expensive clubs, so that we should have to run in only criminals of the cultivated classes, old school friends, drunken duchesses, and an occasional sinful peer. We should never make an ill-bred scene while engaged in this painful duty. Just a languidly-raised eyebrow, perhaps a murmured "D'you mind, old chap ?" and we should drift towards the door with our prisoner. (No handcuffs, obviously, unless they were plain silver and mother-of-pearl.) That 's how we 'd clean up Mayfair and Maidenhead night-life, as one gentleman cleaning up another, and it wouldn't be long before being run in by us was nearly equivalent, socially, to joining the Royal Yacht Squadron, either.

Sweet—and Lo!

THE Attorney-General's official denial of the existence of any recent "plot" to seize or occupy Broadcasting House confirms all we 've been told concerning it.

It was not an anti-social plot. Nobody was going to blow up Broadcasting House or put Sir John Reith to the Question by Water. It was simply a desperate revolt by a few hardy spirits against the sweet, low-voiced actresses and poets who give womanly croonings every night, whether from dainty poetry volumes or from dainty prose volumes. The idea was to storm Broadcasting House while one of these cultured and agonising little exhibitions was in progress, the attackers being disguised as elves. The crooner would be seized and gently gagged, and the volume of prose or verse (bound in lambskin, in some exquisite pastel shade) confiscated. The reading would then turn suddenly into a rousing Marie Lloyd song-recital. A blow would thus be struck for humanity which would not readily be forgotten.

The plot was prematurely revealed, one of the conspirators tells us, by the ringleader suddenly going whimsy and telling his secret coyly to the fairies in Kensington Gardens. One of them happened to be a policeman, who danced round a bit on his toes, kissed his hand to Peter Pan, and tripped away to headquarters, laughing like elfin silver bells.

With a Hey, Ho, Tantivy!

WE invariably skim the hunting news on Tuesday mornings, not only for the atmosphere of cold breezes and green fields and the fragrant place-names and for old times' sake, but because a friend of ours has a standing quarrel with a well-known Hunt and we are always expecting a nonchalant Monday report ending—

> A fresh fox soon went away, crossing Bodgeworthy Pastures, running by Up Snoring, Cherry Hangers, Little Muckwallow, and Stout Bottom ; and, holding Rumbleton Spinney on the right, by King's Grunting, where, scent having been lost again, and the Master having got down and assassinated the occupant of "Greystones," hounds were stopped.

The reason our friend will infallibly meet this fate sooner or later is that, week after week in the hunting season, he deliberately kills scent stone-dead by having arty and literary people from Bloomsbury down for the week-end. These fauna, loathly alike to eye, nose, and ear, walk about the countryside discussing their little sex-problems. Wherever they have walked, any scent but their own fades away and dies. Hounds throw up, horses rear and bolt, the Hunt is plunged into confusion, and the day is lost.

Re-Incarnations

No. 7.—Mars and Peace

(Signor Mussolini and Mr. Arthur Henderson)

Our friend has an excuse. He says he does it out of curiosity, to see if any fox is strong enough to stand it. We doubt if that excuse will do him much good when the Master, richly purple, with straining eyeballs and half-choked oaths, strides into his old-world cottage one day and shoots him like a dog.

Pas si Clair

WE find the latest René Clair film disappointing. Heavy in the hand, it seems to us, and devoid of the Clair tricks we were expecting. Possibly M. Clair has been having the vile word "Highbrow!" hurled at him by the moguls. In the mouths of the film moguls, the word "highbrow" is concentrated venom. They spit it out with bitter emphasis and a hatred generated by fear, their distorted faces meanwhile turning from purple to a sick, yellowish grey. Almost anything intelligent in a film script is liable to provoke this sudden hiss and rattle.

What we missed most in the new Clair offering was that delicate incidental lunacy which so arrides us. You may remember in *Le Million* a tallish minor character in the police station scene, wearing nothing but his ultimate lingerie and a bowler-hat, gravely courteous and almost pathetically anxious to help. He had no connection whatsoever with the plot. Nobody explained him to anybody. He was just there, a pleasing and enigmatic figure. To us he alone is worth most of the cruder buffoonery of *Le Dernier Milliardaire*. No doubt somebody has told René Clair to stop that nonsense and pull up his socks and think of the public.

Bogey'll Get You

THE average film magnate's holy and mysterious "public," to which he refers everything without appeal, puzzles us not a little, incidentally. We picture this "public" as a vast, doughy, slobbery

"Well, I gotta learn, ain't I?"

"And now, children, Rex himself will say good-night"

PEN-PUSHERS

No. 7.—A. A. Milne

I DON'T like whimsey—
Never have liked whimsey—
Though Auntie says it's the
Thing to do;
So I get muddled,
Awf'ly, dreadf'ly muddled,
'Bout Winnie the Milne and
A. A. Pooh!

But Aunt Jane loves it,
Really, truly, loves it;
She says it's so dainty,
Sweet and true—
I MUST be silly,
Just a great big silly,
Not to be a "fan" of
A. A. Pooh!

Christopher Robin,
Pretty, witty Robin,
Must simply love it all
Through and through;
But I like gangsters,
Tough Chicago gangsters,
More'n Winnie the Milne and
A. A. Pooh!

Aunt says I'm too tough—
Just a nasty, rough tough—
Who can't sympathise with
All they do;
So I 'LL make no pennies—
Lots of lovely pennies—
Like Winnie the Milne and
A. A. Pooh! B. W.

face with tiny fish-eyes, a bowler-hat, a receding chin, (or chins), and a head of solid bone. It knows nothing and longs to know less, if possible. And its name is Bogey.

Death of a Pub

THE forthcoming disappearance of the Mitre and Clarence, Chatham's historic inn, which they are going to pull down to make way for a multiple store, provokes us to no exhibitions of rage and despair. We remain stoically dumb. What is more fit and beautiful than a multiple store, anyway? What more finely expresses the spirit of this wonderful age?

Nelson stayed at the Mitre one night in 1805, had "a little cold boiled beef" for supper, and went to bed. A pretty cheerless meal. There is a cosier story about Handel going into an English country inn and ordering a comfortable dinner for four, with wine. When it was served he drew up to table alone. "Sir, where is the company?" asked the astonished landlord. "*I* am der gompany," said Papa Handel, stolidly attacking the sirloin. We owe a considerable amount of noble music to this habit, just as we owe magnificent prose like Addison's and Johnson's to hearty eating and drinking in cosy taverns. The cream of our literature is the work of fat men with a passion for pubs (no water-drinker, as Horace observed centuries ago, has ever produced anything worth a damn), and the more good English pubs we sweep away in favour of multiple stores the more debased and washy will contemporary English literature, which at the moment seems to be chiefly the work of dishevelled, sex-ridden spinsters and mincing, thin-faced prigs, infallibly become.

In due course the pendulum will swing back, we think. We 're doing our best to help it. The prose you get in this department is all written in taverns after a roaring dinner, a bottle in one hand and an actress on either knee. That 's why it 's so good, and will endure.

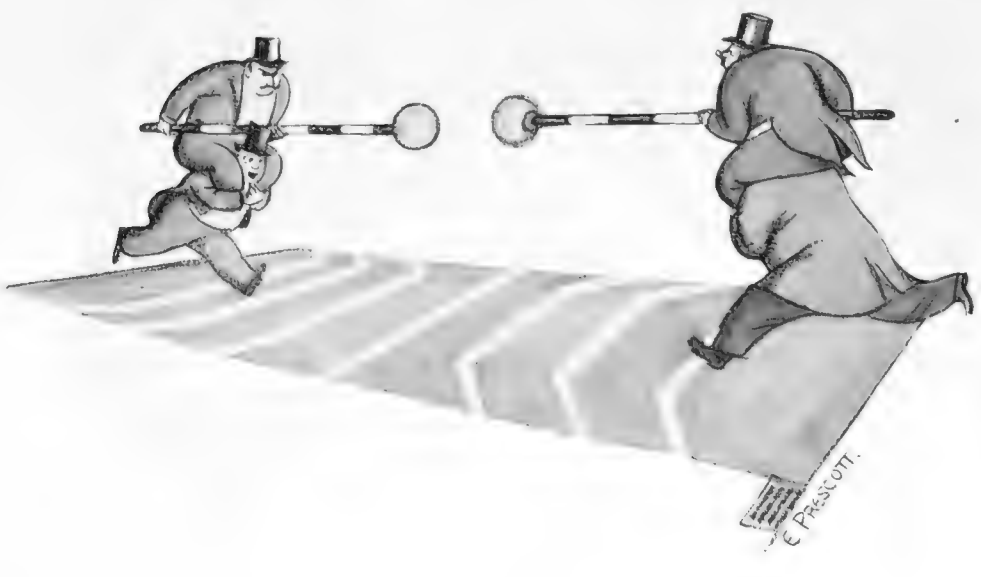
Links

IN a newspaper interview recently, the Dean of Windsor remarked that his grandfather danced with Marie Antoinette in Paris in 1786. It is peculiarly fascinating to come across historical links like this. A friend of ours, now in his middle sixties, was taken as a small child to visit Mlle. Montgolfier, whose brothers were so famous for their ballooning feats in the late eighteenth century. As a girl, in 1789, Mlle. Montgolfier (who, when our friend took his warm milk with her, was a very old lady, possessing her memory and faculties perfectly) had leaned from a Paris balcony and seen the mob storming up the Faubourg Saint-Antoine to attack the Bastille. If this kind of living contact with history doesn't stir your blood, we think you must be pretty awful at home in the evenings, fussing about with the wireless and nagging and looking down your nose at everything with a dull, boiled eye. Faugh!

"Remember our dumb friends"

Salute to Master Henry

WE observe that the Warsaw hangman, M. Braun, is agitating in a dignified way for an increase in salary, just as M. Deibler, "Monsieur de Paris," Executioner to the French Republic, did a few years ago. M. Deibler was getting £5 an operation when he asked for more. M. Braun gets only £3 15s. Whether he wears a glossy topper on duty, like M. Deibler, we couldn't say. The honour of an ancient and ceremonious craft demands, we think, that M. Braun should also get his rise.



The most splendid representative of the craft in history is probably Maître Henry, Executioner of Paris in the last half of the fifteenth century. Maître Henry has two special claims to distinction—he is enshrined for ever in the immortal verse of François Villon, a tremendous, shadowy figure of pomp and terror, and he brought up his son worthily to succeed him. It was Maître Henry's son who, using the great sword of justice of the City of Paris, swiped off the head of a traitor Duke of Bourbon with so neat and powerful a swing that the Duke's head reached the ground before his body. That was at the hour of Vespers of a grey November afternoon, on a high public scaffold richly carpeted.

It seems a little odd, now we think of it, that there is no old ballad about a hangman's beautiful daughter. Perhaps, like Oxford Dons (as Max Beerbohm once noted), they are for ever precluded by mysterious Providence from either marrying beauty or begetting it. THE BYSTANDERS.

Promoted to Ex-Debs

1934 Débutantes at Bunty Soames' Cocktail Party

Above: Bunty Soames, hostess at the cocktail-party which was in connection with the St. Andrew's Eve Ball on November 29th. Bunty Soames came out this year, and Anne Vesey, who is with her, in 1933

Right: Pamela Crossley, the youngest of Sir Kenneth and Lady Crossley's three daughters, is twenty-one, and therefore long since an ex-deb

Below: a group at the cocktail-party which includes Sir John Pigott-Brown, his sister, Patience Pigott-Brown, Anne Hamilton - Grace, Dochie MacGregor and R. H. Calvert

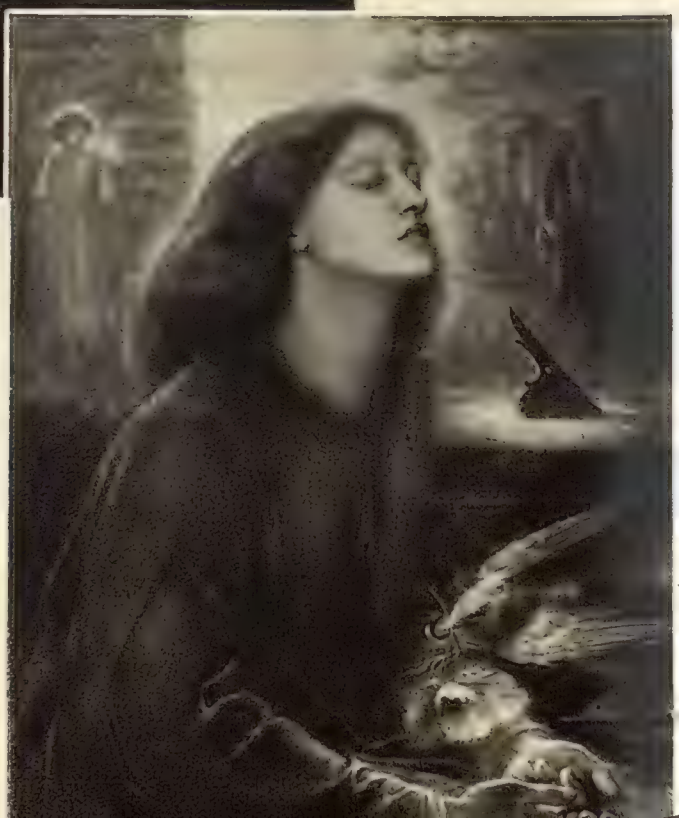
Clemency Gore-Brown, Elizabeth Bonham and June Thornycroft are three of the "young ladies of 1934" who are now to be known as ex-debs, since the new batch of débutantes has begun to appear in public

Vivien Baker, another attractive 1934 débutante, talking to Angus Cameron. They are both helping to organise the St. Andrew's Eve Ball

Peter North

THE LADY HELENA FITZWILLIAM

A new studio portrait of Earl and Countess Fitzwilliam's good-looking daughter, the youngest of four sisters, the other three being the Countess of Wharncliffe, Lady Joan Philipps, and Lady Donatia Gething. Lady Helena Fitzwilliam, like the rest of her family for generations back, is more interested in horses than in most things, and is only seen in London when her hunting and racing date-book has a blank page or two. Her father was at one time M.F.H. in three places at once, twice in Yorkshire and once in Ireland, where his place is Coollatin, Co. Wicklow. He is still joint-Master of the Fitzwilliam. Her brother, Lord Milton, has just taken on the Derwent, in Yorkshire



"The Glorious Lady of His Heart"

A Comparison of Dante's Beatrice as Posed by Margaretta Scott, and as Painted by Rossetti

MARGARETTA SCOTT appears as Beatrice in "For Ever," Noel Langley's play about Dante, which started its run at the Shaftesbury last night. That she can wear with exceptional grace the dress of other days was proved by her memorable performances in Shakespeare at Regent's Park, and in "The Country Wife" earlier in the year. That she is exquisitely suited to the part of Beatrice is demonstrated by the photograph taken of her by John Everard, after the famous picture by Dante Gabriel Rossetti in the Tate Gallery. The play is set in Florence in 1290, the year of Beatrice's death. Eric Portman plays the part of Dante, and Denis Blakelock that of Simone de' Bardi, the man Beatrice married

KEEP
LEFT
DUNLOP
DUNLOP
DUNLOP
DUNLOP
DUNLOP
C.E.H.

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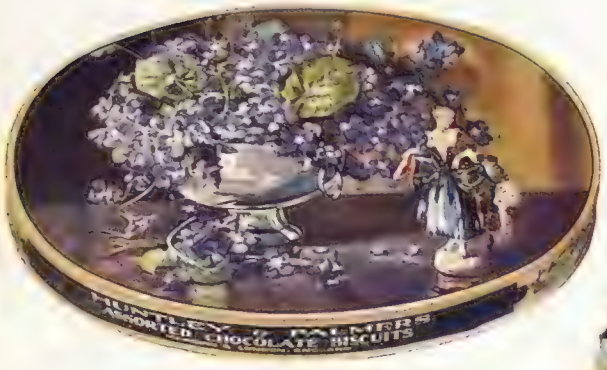

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GOING OUT to GOINGS-ON

The "Bystander" in Society

Sketches by Molly Bishop

Mr. Alan Muntz and Lady Margaret Stewart

Above: Mr. Alan Muntz, managing director of Heston Airwork, and Lady Margaret Stewart, fourth daughter of the Marquess and Marchioness of Londonderry, after their wedding at Kensington register office

Mr. John Goschen and Miss Ursula Jervis

Left: Mr. John Goschen, Grenadier Guards, younger son of the Hon. Sir William Goschen, and Miss Ursula Jervis, Col. the Hon. St. Leger and Mrs. Jervis's daughter, and niece of Viscount St. Jervis, were married at the Royal Military Chapel, Wellington Barracks

The Hon. James Carnegie and Miss Claudia Blackburn

A good Scottish engagement is that of the Earl and Countess of Southesk's youngest son and Miss Claudia Blackburn, the youngest daughter of the Hon. Lord Blackburn and Lady Constance Blackburn, and a cousin of the Duchess of York

PRINCESS MARINA rules the day. From the moment of her arrival in London last Wednesday until her departure as the Duchess of Kent for Honeymoon Hall, as Lord Dudley's Himley residence has been journalistically named, London is according her the welcome which is its especial prerogative to give to Royal brides. Cast your mind back to the wedding of the Duke and Duchess of York, and, before that, of Lord Harewood (always "Lucky Lascelles" in the eyes of the British public) to the Princess Royal. And on this occasion the West End is to enjoy four extension nights, with every hotel and restaurant having wedding celebrations—except Claridge's, which will have its decorous dinner-parties among the very numerous Royalties who are staying there.

LAST week was notable for the fog, which, of course, succeeded in temporarily disorganising railway services and traffic in general, as if we had never had a fog before. Hampstead-ites looked upon it as a good chance to batter Belisha Bubbles, for seventy of them disappeared in the fog.

THE Opening of Parliament showed us a goodly complement of Ambassadresses, Duchesses, Marchionesses, Countesses, Viscountesses, and Baronesses, who were thus able to give their tiaras and ermine an airing before the Royal wedding. I noticed Lady Dashwood's dress of shot purple and silver faille, and she had a flat bandeau of diamonds. Parliament has at least four weeks' work until the Members break up for four or five weeks at Christmas: after their three months' summer holiday, however, no wonder they are keen for work. One has but to read the report of Captain Arthur Evans's speech on the Betting Bill.

CAPTAIN BUCKMASTER has once more gone off on one of his voyages of discovery. He sailed for South Africa on Saturday, and to speed his departure, a little farewell party was given for him

A Lovely Austrian

Lea Seidl, the musical comedy actress, who is over in London just now, was dining the other day at the Bon Viveur with a friend

Two Young Men of Mayfair

Mr. Charles Birkin and Lord Poulett were also sketched at the Bon Viveur, dining together, resplendent with white ties and buttonholes

Lord and Lady

Lady Inchcape, with her hair done halo- sequin tunic dress, which went well with supper with her husband at the Blue

GOING OUT TO GOINGS-ON *(Continued)*

at the Savoy on Thursday night. A dozen ravishing blondes from *Streamline* and a dozen lovely specimens of spinsterhood from *Hi-Diddle Diddle!* were greeted by many captains of industry, sergeant-majors of finance, and kings of courtliness, one of whom saw dawn break the next morning over the romantic Purley Hills. Among those present should be mentioned—— [All names have regretfully been deleted.]

CHARLES B. COCHRAN is back in London and was greeted with an affectionate rush of welcome from his London artists. Of course, he made a discovery on his visit to New York, Larry Adler, the Paderewski of the mouth-organ, as the harmonica is usually called. To ensure quiet and solitude on the boat, " C. B." practised this instrument every day in his cabin at four bells.

THE reception at Londonderry House after the Opening of Parliament was on its usual lavish scale, though rather reminiscent of Edwardian super-dignity. On the following night both Lord and Lady Londonderry (who quite refuse to discuss their daughter's recent wedding) were the guests of Mrs. " Reggie " Fellowes, at the new San Marco restaurant, in Devonshire House. Oliver Messel has done the décor, which is Venetian throughout, so naturally in the party were Mr. " Chips " and Lady Honor Channon, who have such a genuine love for Venice as a social centre. Mr. John Sutro was an assistant host (this was a private-pre-official-opening-party), as was Mr. Norman Hartnell. Mr. Winston Churchill, and Marchese Marconi were there, also Signor Grandi.

MANY came on from the gala performance of the Ballet at Sadler's Wells, which Mr. Seymour Leslie had organised on behalf of Queen Charlotte's Hospital. Markova danced very beautifully in *Lac des Cygnes*, which was given in its entirety for the first time for twenty years in London. Lady Howard de Walden sat with Miss Lilian Bayliss; the Duchess of Wellington, Lady Sassoon, and Lady Headfort were there, also Princess Hohenlöhe and Lady Latta. The evening realised no less than £1000 for the charity.

There had also been the John van Druten play at the Whitehall Theatre, about which Auriol Lee, who produced it, had been quite correct to tell all her friends that it was not a light comedy, merely because Jack Buchanan was interested in it. As it happens, it is very tense drama, which Miss Diana and Miss Chloe Forbes-Robertson seemed much to be appreciating.

AT His Majesty's Theatre we had a long play by James Bridie (of *A Sleeping Clergyman* fame), in which the promised pirates did not come in until the last act. The fog came into the foyer, though, and after the first interval, with a leavening of cigarette-smoke, the atmosphere was none too good. Audiences, in the intervals of first nights, seem remarkably slow at getting back into their seats. Of course, one knows that the regular " bar-boy brigade " just stand on the edge of the stalls and watch from there, looking longingly at those who have side or gangway seats. Mary Read must have been an interesting character in life, and Flora Robson gives a brilliant portrayal of her on the stage; but some of the sentiment seemed to sail rather near to that of *Young England*.

MR. PEEPS

WHAT'S ON

All About the Week's Theatres, Cinemas, Music, Etc. See page B before the frontispiece.

RESTAURANT PLANS

For Royal Wedding Week, page 432

Woman to Woman

THE Pullman Midnight Matinée proved an amusing and definitely an original entertainment. Supper first in Pullman cars in Victoria Station, and every time a whistle blew, which happened frequently in audible tones all over the station, some feared, while others hoped, that they might be carried away to Brighton or even further. " On the train " we saw Lady Eyres-Monsell, who is vice-chairman of the Ladies' Association of the Princess Elizabeth of York Hospital (the charity that the party was in aid of), supping with Colonel McGrath, while his wife, Rosita Forbes, sat talking and supping with Mr. Mark Ogilvy-Grant. Mrs. Wessel had her three unmarried daughters, Denise, Lydia, and Primrose Yarde-Buller with her.

At the cinema we saw a variety of things, including Mr. Gillie Potter (in the flesh, of course), who, as usual, made everybody nearly cry with laughing, and some young ladies, who called themselves " sophisticated " on the programme, showed us what they could do. Among them were the two Barnatos and Miss Peta Davis. Such a blanket of fog came down that lots who would have come

Inchcape

fashion, and wearing a black her fair, good looks, was having Train on extension night

The Spanish Ambassador

Señor Don Rámon Pérez de Ayala, diplomat and poet, whose recreations are "duty and life in itself," was sketched at the Ice Club during the Spanish Gala

The Duchess of Wellington

Above, right: the Duchess of Wellington in Opening-of-Parliament regalia: tiara, earrings, orchids, furs, and a beautiful pearl necklace that once belonged to Marie Antoinette

Below: Mme. Valdes, who is Russian by birth, and very good-looking, was also watching the skating at the Ice Club's Spanish Gala night, wearing a dress of prune-coloured crêpe

Mme. Valdes

Miss Irene Mann-Thompson

An attractive "out-and-abouter," lunching at the Ritz, and wearing a large, floppy, navy-blue béret and a navy-blue velvet coat

didn't get there, and those that did had a bit of bother on the return journey.

THAT annual "do," the private view of the Royal Society of Portrait Painters, has come and gone, and there we saw everybody interested in Art and a good many who aren't, but who like to be seen at private views. Some had come to see themselves reproduced on canvas, others had come to see the reproductions of their friends and relatives, and others had just come. Amongst the first-named was Lady Anne Rhys and her grandmother, Lady Glentanar. They were seen gazing at Lady Anne on the wall, and a very pretty picture it was, too. Lady Harcourt was seeing what she could when the feather in her hat permitted.

Mrs. Robert Dudley Ryder, who had gone a bit Russian in her headgear, was among the enthusiastic crowd. Mr. Simon Elwes, standing near his two best portraits (Lady Warrender and Lady Worthington-Evans), was with his wife and a lot of other Elwes at intervals, and receiving congratulations on his works. Mrs. Arnold Henderson was also there with her daughter, Mrs. David Forbes, lovely in a beige broadtail coat. Mr. Alistair Maynard (himself an artist, but not yet risen to such heights as more fortunate men) was with Mrs. Mary Booker and Mrs. Ronald Balfour. He and his wife are just back from a holiday in Italy.

SHORT, sharp news is as follows: 1. Lady Warwick is absent from the gay and giddy world for the removal of her appendix, which has turned out to be far more serious than anybody thought. We hope to hear soon that she is on the mend.

2. Fanny Ward was seen drinking a pre-lunch cocktail at the Ritz with half a silver fox farm about her in the shape of a huge cape and equally resplendent muff.

3. Lord Castlerosse and Mrs. Euan Wallace, also seen at the Ritz, find it easy to talk to each other.

4. Lady Mary Cambridge didn't look best pleased when she caught sight of the photographers that awaited her when she left Molyneux after fitting her bridesmaid's dress for the Royal wedding; but she 'll grow up to get used to them.

5. Mrs. Arthur Pilkington has now fractured her skull, and we couldn't be more sorry for her. She has no luck in the hunting-field.

6. The lovely Angela Dudley Ward is engaged to Captain "Bob" Laycock. We 've always wondered how she 's escaped matrimony so long.

THE Yarde-Buller girls (sounds like "Les Girls," but it 's not quite, though it may be one day soon) showed us their talent the other night at Oakham, and few knew that they possessed such qualifications. They performed at a concert which opened with Denise and Lydia doing a Viennese waltz. They really were excellent. The latter has been studying singing in Munich. Primrose, the youngest, who is just coming out, played their accompaniments on the piano. Later, all three, plus Miss Nefertari Bethell, showed us their "stuff" in the form of patter dancing. Again loud applause.

MRS. PEEPS

Above: some of the King's audience for his Speech outside the House of Lords. The Countess of Jersey is in the centre, Signor Grandi, the Italian Ambassador, is next her, and Countess Howe is on the right

Right: the Earl of Carrick and his attractive American Countess, leaving Westminster after the ceremony

Left: the Duke and Duchess of Somerset, who are not often photographed in London, were here for the Opening last week

Right: the new Viscountess Clive (Vida Cuthbert that was) went to her first State Occasion as a peeress, with her mother, Lady Rayleigh

The Opening of Parliament

Lords and Ladies on Morning Parade

Below, right: Lord and Lady Forester were another good-looking couple who went together. Lord Forester is in the Blues

Below: the Duchess of Wellington and the Duchess of Sutherland looking anxiously for a means of escaping out of the foggy cold

Below: the Japanese Ambassador, Mr. Tsuneo Matsudaira, with his wife and Viscountess Brentford, waiting for their car

THE ROYAL BRIDE

H.R.H. PRINCESS MARINA OF GREECE

PRINCESS MARINA'S

Princess Juliana of the Netherlands

Princess Eugénie of Greece

Princess Katharine of Greece

Lady Mary Cambridge

Prin

S EIGHT BRIDESMAIDS

Princess Elizabeth of York

Lady Iris Mountbatten

Princess Irène of Greece

The Grand Duchess Kyra of Russia

THE ROYAL BRIDEGROOM

H.R.H. THE DUKE OF KENT

(From the Portrait by Cathleen Mann)

A New Kind of Party

The Pullman Supper and News Theatre Midnight Matinée at Victoria Station

Miss Rosemary Potter, Mr. Oppenheim, and Miss Peta Davis in the Pullman. Peta Davis and some more "Sophisticated Ladies" appeared in the show at the News Theatre, as well as selling programmes

Below: Miss Diana Caldwell, one of the "Sophisticated Ladies" who handled the programme-selling, disposing of some of her wares to Miss Diana Leveson and Mr. John Edmunds

Above: Mrs. Arthur McGrath (Rosita Forbes) and Mr. Mark Ogilvie-Grant in their Pullman supper seats

And here (right) is Gillie Potter, looking very typical of himself, performing in the News Theatre. The party was in aid of the Princess Elizabeth of York Hospital for Children

Left: Miss Gladys Maudslay, another "Sophisticated Lady," her mother, Mrs. Maudslay, and Mr. John de Forest

Below: Vice-Admiral E. A. Taylor, the Paddington M.P., and Mrs. Taylor, who go to most important private views, were at the Royal Society of Portrait Painters' one

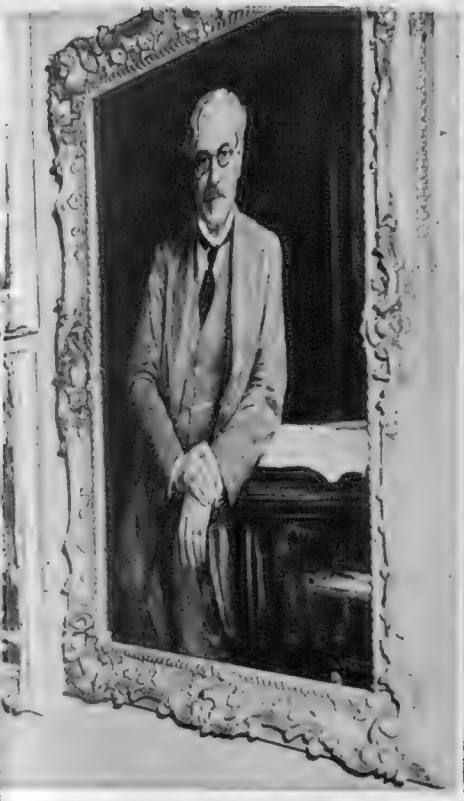
Below: Doris Zinkeisen and her "subject," Squadron-Leader Leslie. Her portrait of him is called "Convalescent," the sittings having been interrupted by his crash, and resumed when he was recovering from it

Left: John A. M. Hay, a member of the Society, and the Hon. Mrs. Dudley Ryder, whose daughter, Mrs. Clive Loehuis, was painted by Mr. Hay and the portrait exhibited in last year's show

Right: Lord and Lady Allenby were two more of the well-known people at the private view. Lord Allenby, as Gold Stick in Waiting, will be having a busy time this week

Lady Elizabeth Paget and her grandmother, Violet, Duchess of Rutland, talking to Simon Elwes, who has seven portraits in the Exhibition

Lady Furness, looking as attractive as usual, was escorted by Mr. Cameron, her son by her first husband



Lady Mount Temple looking at "The Prime Minister," Sir John Lavery's portrait of Ramsay MacDonald

Miss Jeanne Stourton and Lady Tiverton went round the crowded rooms at the Royal Institute Galleries in Piccadilly together

Below: Lord and Lady Elibank discussing one of the pictures in the Exhibition, which is the forty-third of the Society's annual shows

Subjects and Spectators

The Private View of the Royal Society of Portrait Painters' Exhibition

Right: Major and Lady Alexandra Metcalfe doing their picture-gazing

Lady Carnwath and Mrs. David Forbes, who is a niece of the late Lord Faringdon and a cousin of the present peer

Mrs. Robert Findlater studying the portrait of herself by Cecil James which is hung in the Exhibition

Left: the Hon. Mrs. Grant-Lawson and Mrs. Battine were at Knossington when the Cottesmore met there

Right: Capt. Lloyd Thomas, the Prince of Wales's Private Secretary, and Mr. Balding, the polo player, moving off together after the Quorn meet at Beeby

A Racing Reverie:

A Few Pats on the Back

By "Regular"

IT'S all over now, and for four whole months Gordon won't ride a winner; Frank Butters will get no ten per cent., and the Aga Khan's horses will not earn one penny towards their keep.

BEFORE you turn hastily to another page, I must tell you that this is not going to be another of Uncle Regular's sad stories. I can well believe that I have set quite enough eye-black coursing down your cheeks during the past week or so, so this is going to be a happy story, with pats on the back for everyone.

LET us, first of all, extend our congratulations to the Aga Khan, and before any half-wit refers to him as "the lucky Aga," let me say that no owner in the history of the Turf ever deserved a great season more than he did, for the simple reason that no owner has ever invested so much money in bloodstock.

THE Aga's success is directly the result of (i) buying the best blood; (ii) the most careful of mating; (iii) the marvellous skill of Frank Butters; (iv) the excellent jockeyship of Richards, Fox and Perryman. The only way in which you could say that the Aga was particularly lucky is that he is rich enough to indulge in racing on such a lavish scale.

WE must also give a pat on the back to Prince Aly, whose tilts at the Ring this year must have shown a nice profit. Prince Aly has also met with great success in Bumper races. I am not going to pretend that his victories on Pegomas have called for any very great skill in the saddle (a stone in hand being a great help), but there is no getting away from the fact that Prince Aly has made himself a most accomplished horseman, and, moreover, he loves race riding.

PRINCE ALY is a splendid host, and is deservedly popular, while the girls think he 's a fair treat, which is another way of saying that there 's no necessity for you to shed any tears on his behalf.

NOW we come to Frank Butters, and although a few nincompoops thought it just too tantalising that he did not break Joe Lawson's record, Butters himself was quite satisfied, and so should I be if I drew the thick end of £9000—in percentages, let alone any other little "perks" which may come one's way out of training sixty-odd horses.

FRANK'S grand old father was an inspired man when he called his son Frank, as, with his blue eyes, which look you straight in the face, and his open countenance, Frank Butters appears the embodiment of frankness and honesty of purpose.

I AM only allowed a very inadequate space in which to write to you each week, so I cannot possibly refer to Frank Butters' many marvellous training feats this year. Two, however, stand out. I refer to Vermeil II. and Umidwar.

FRANK BUTTERS produced the former in the biting wind of a March day at Lincoln (I expect there was a biting wind; there usually is on the Carholme), and won the Brocklesby Stakes. On October 31st the same horse won the Moulton Stakes, at Newmarket, giving the best part of a stone away all round.

YOU will quite rightly say, "What a wonderful horse this little son of Blenheim must be!" and I quite agree, but it was a marvellous training feat on the part of Butters to keep him at concert pitch from March to November.

THE case of Umidwar was very different. Here Butters had a horse to train who was practically useless on the bone-hard going in the early part of the season, and after a very bold show in the Guineas, he went backward, instead of forward, giving his trainer no end of trouble. In the Derby Umidwar started second favourite, but he carried very little stable confidence and he ran very moderately.

UMIDWAR'S next outing was in the Eclipse Stakes, in which he finished second, half a length in front of Windsor Lad, who was giving him 10 lb.; but anybody who saw that race will agree that Windsor Lad, with ordinary luck, would have won a minute.

THEN came Goodwood, and, in receipt of 3 lb. from Lo Zingaro, he made a hack of him; but so far from this easy race bringing him on, Frank Butters told me it set him back, and that he had to give him an "easy," with the result that the Leger came along all too soon, and Umidwar, on the cast-iron going which prevailed at Doncaster, ran another moderate race and was unplaced.

AFTER this, at long last we got some much-needed rain, and by Jockey Club Stakes day Butters had Umidwar to his liking for the first time, with the result that he won very comfortably from Lo Zingaro, despite the fact that he was meeting him on 4 lb. worse terms than in the Leger, where Lo Zingaro finished some way in front of him. Taking a line through the latter, this form made him out almost the same horse as the Derby and Leger winner, Windsor Lad.

UMIDWAR finished up his three-year-old career by cantering away with the Champion Stakes. I make no apology for dealing at such length with what I consider Frank Butters' greatest training feat, but we must also give a pat on the back to Fox, who rode him in all his victories, and Harry Wragg, who did so much to "make" him. Next week we will indulge in a few more pats on the back.

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Good Fun, Good Fellowship and Good Fare.

June and Peter Haddon at supper after the show.

Howard Marshall on "Rugger"

The First Trial

Oxford Defeat the Harlequins at Twickenham

Left: D. A. Thom, the London Scottish forward, passing just in time as he was tackled by W. A. H. Chapman, the Richmond right wing three-quarter

M. McG. Cooper, the Oxford forward, placing the ball with J. C. Guy, the scrum-half, after a try by C. R. Rees-Jones. Oxford defeated the Harlequins by eight points to six

The London-Scottish Beat Richmond

Colonel D. Lyall Grant, secretary of the London Scottish, a linesman, and Dr. D. J. MacMyn, a former Scottish International, who refereed the game when the London Scottish beat Richmond by eighteen points to six

Now, children, we come to the really important part of the Rugby season: representative football. Rattle of drums and appropriate music. Next Saturday, those among us who are sufficiently misguided or adequately enthusiastic, make the journey to Leeds for the first Rugby Union trial match. Give me, as the radio aspirant said, give me air.

As a matter of fact, I have hopes of this game. The first trial match is usually—why pretend?—a frost and a flop. It proves nothing, and merely succeeds in depriving the players of a far more enjoyable club game. Possibly this is because the weeding-out process is in its very early stages, and so many players appear who are entirely out of their class. This year the affair is complicated by the fact that it takes place before the 'Varsity match, which means that 'Varsity players will not be available.

Not that this matters particularly, for I doubt whether many members of the 'Varsity teams will be serious competitors for English caps. A forward or two, perhaps, and P. Cranmer, but otherwise the illustrious ones at Oxford and Cambridge come from one of the tribes (excuse me) without the law—Scotland, Wales, or Ireland.

The Selectors, in their journeyings this year, have observed acutely and chosen judiciously. And first let me hail the return of little A. C. Harrison to the England team. Whether this reveals the hand of Selector C. N. Lowe I don't know, but Harrison is a glorious player. Small, maybe, but elusive as an eel, with a semi-circular swerve and remarkably plucky defence. I hear that he is in great fettle just now, and I hope his come-back will be triumphant. Then, with H. G. Owen-Smith only just making a start, and in the centre at that, K. C. Kinnersley gets his chance as England's full-back. Promising player, Kinnersley, cucumber-cool and full of football sense. He is still very young, but younger still is his opposite number, R. O. Baillon, of Northampton, and Mr. J. B. Minahan did not fail to point out his very obvious merits in county matches last season.

So far, so good, and this brings us to the centres, where we find J. A. Tallent doing duty for P. Cranmer as Gerrard's partner, and J. J. Heaton and R. Leyland, gay adventurers, chancing their arm together for the Rest. Rumours reach me from the North Country that Heaton and Leyland have very little use for wing three-quarters. Not selfish, exactly, but individualistic, let us say. That is well enough in club and even some county football, but the international game demands a balanced altruism. And if the Lancashire lads neglect their wings on Saturday, they will earn a row, a galaxy of bad marks, for G. W. C. Meikle and E. J. Unwin are attacking players of no little merit.

I fancy, though, that Heaton and Leyland will come up to scratch. They must realise that quite possibly they may oust Gerrard and Cranmer, though at the moment my money is on the old firm. Cranmer is good this winter—very good. I saw him last Saturday for the first time. He has filled out, and gained confidence. What is more, he and Gerrard are rock-sure in defence, and I am by no means certain that the same is true of Heaton and Leyland. We shall see, though. The issue is not to be pre-judged.

Next, the half-backs. Well, Slow and Gadney picked themselves for England. They have no outstanding challengers. Gadney's uncommon strength and his long pass from the scrummage are invaluable, and Slow, a talented player himself, is his partner in club games. It is possible, of course, that the Rest half-backs, J. L. Giles and J. Bowker, of Furness, may surprise us.

I hope they do. Giles we know to be the right sort of scrum-half, tough, fast, clever; but Bowker is a dark horse to many of us. I look to Bowker for great deeds. How splendid it would be if Bowker proved himself the genius England have sought so long! We need a counter to the Welsh crop of stand-off halves. What lively players the Welshmen have found of late—Windsor Lewis, you remember, and Harry Bowcott, and now C. W. Jones and young J. H. T. Davies. Watch this Davies, the Swansea schoolboy, incidentally.

Upon J. Bowker, then, our hopes are pinned, provided the poor wretch sees something of the ball. So often this first trial match results in a rout of the Possibles' forwards, and the game is ruined as a test of strength behind the scrummage.

Here, I fancy, we are better served this time. The Possibles have a sturdy front row, with the wily H. B. Toft to hook for them, and their second row, R. J. Hurrell and R. Robinson, looks pretty firm. Hurrell is a good, roustabout player. I saw him disporting himself to some purpose in a county match not long ago. Then comes the Blackheath back row—A. C. Cridlan, D. T. Kemp, and L. S. Bailey—a mass-compliment which is well deserved. These three skirmishers have fairly played themselves into the trial, and the England backs will have to look to themselves. So, for that matter, will the Possibles' backs when Watkins, of the Navy, gets among them.

Watkins, I fancy, will play a sharp tattoo upon the ribs of Messrs Bowker, Leyland, and Heaton. Then, in this England pack, we find the spry Mycock and the powerful Hodgson, and J. Dicks and D. E. Pratten, those sturdy scrummagers, in the second row. As for the front row, D. A. Kendrew, an inspiring force, is there, and R. J. Longland, if he has recovered from his motor accident, and hooker G. G. Gregory. A bonny pack indeed.

And what about the omissions? Well, there are one or two which faintly surprised us. H. A. Fry, B. H. Black, A. L. Novis, C. C. Tanner, P. E. Dunkley, and R. J. Barr are thrown into the discard for the time being; but there are other trials.

"The Merry Widow"

Jeanette MacDonald and Maurice Chevalier in the Film of Lehar's Famous Musical Comedy

THE public's passion for film musicals being what it is, and "The Merry Widow" being what *it* is, and Jeanette MacDonald, Maurice Chevalier and director Ernst Lubitsch being what *they* are, there'll probably be no change in the Empire programme for several weeks. M.-G.-M. have spent nearly two million dollars on the film, which started its run last Friday, and the staging, dresses and décor are in proportion. There are two hundred boys and girls in the chorus in the Ambassadors' Ball scene above; it was arranged by Albert Rasch, the ballet king

Women's Golf:

Bad News— or Good?

By Eleanor E. Helme

Doris Chambers

Who has just retired from the honorary treasurership of the Ladies' Golf Union

Australian Golf and Tennis

Bill and Katherine Rymill

An Australian brother and sister combination, one of whom has won the South Australian men's Championship and the other the South Australian Women's title. Miss Rymill is sure to meet the British team next autumn

Australian Golf and Tennis

Joan Hammond

The New South Wales Champion of 1932 and 1934 is another certainty to play against the British visitors to Australia. She is a violinist and opera singer as well as a golfer

DEAR BYSTANDER,

NEWS to me this week—at least, the first part of it—seems definitely bad. Miss Doris Chambers is resigning the hon. treasurership of the Ladies' Golf Union. The name of the suggested successor has not yet been disclosed, and the choice, of course, rests with the Executive Council, who will doubtless get definite instructions from their counties—or should. The new treasurer may be everything that is perfect in every way, but it is impossible not to regret the going of Miss Chambers, because she has brought so much to the office. Shrewd business ability, conscientious thoroughness, a ready sympathy with the outlook of everyone, particularly the young golfers, and with it all real golfing achievement. You may say that the last qualification is entirely secondary, if not unessential, and that to have held the Open Championship is no guarantee of ability in any other walk of life. I am not so sure about that. There may be—indeed, there are—plenty of invaluable councillors who are not first-class golfers, but I shall always feel that somebody who knows the L.G.U. and all its works from the point of view of a champion has just that something extra the others haven't got. It must surely have meant a great deal to have Miss Chambers an ex-officio member of all the L.G.U. Committees, and there is truth indeed behind the commonplace that she will be sorely missed.

THERE is only one consoling thought behind it. Perhaps her resignation means that she would be prepared to take the team to New Zealand and Australia next autumn. As captain-manager of the teams which toured South Africa, Canada and U.S.A. she has been without rival, the perfect filler of a horribly difficult position, and if she has resigned the treasurership so as to be free to go with the team, then the bad news is actually good. We need our ambassadors to hold the highest possible credentials, and none hold higher than Miss Chambers.

THAT tour, by the way, is definitely announced for the autumn of 1935, and so is the match against France, which is to take place at Worplesdon on June 22nd. Whilst the venue is perfection, the date seems extraordinarily unhappy, since the Scottish Championship only finishes the day before, at the Moray G.C., Lossiemouth. To get thence to Worplesdon in time for the match is a physical impossibility, except by air, let alone the question of practice. This means that France, a team who cannot possibly be taken lightly, will have to be tackled without the help of the leading Scottish players—unless, of course, these, having been selected, decide not to play in the Championship of their country—a sacrifice which Miss Purvis-Russell Montgomery made in 1932. The golfing calendar is a nightmare, and the finding of a date that will fit in for everybody concerned almost an impossibility, but this does seems a very serious matter. Those who support funds for international golf have surely a right to expect the best team to be put into the field; those who have a chance of representing Great Britain and winning the Close Championship of their country have an equal right to expect that they should be able to do both.

FAR be it from me to carp. But that is the business of the delegates to the Council. If they are slack in the matter, then their counties and, failing them, the clubs themselves, must see to it, before it is too late, that decisions and fixtures are not made of which they subsequently find themselves disapproving. The danger is always that something will be done, perhaps inadvertently, because delegates, trusting blindly and failing to think for themselves, imagine all is well, until they find those most concerned buzzing round their ears like a hive of angry bees.

It would be a thousand pities if the Scottish Championship should be clouded by dissatisfaction on this point; we ought to have such an entirely delightful time up at Lossiemouth, one of the really delectable spots of northern Scotland. Scottish Foursomes have never been there before, nor the Scottish Championship since 1923, and I feel quite sure we are going to have something extra specially pleasant in the way of fortnights.

BYSTANDER venues for 1935 are really first class, aren't they? Ganton, April 2nd—5th for the Northern Foursomes, including the N.P.F.A. Competition; Royal Mid-Surrey, Friday, April 12th, for One Day Spring Medal Foursomes; Lossiemouth, June 11th to 14th, for Scottish. What more could you wish?

THE first details of the Golf Ball are out now. Wednesday, December 12th is the date, Grosvenor House the place, the Extension Appeal Fund of St Mary's Hospital, Paddington, the object. The whole of the proceeds will go towards the provision of a new Nurses' Home, and Pay-Bed Block, and an anonymous benefactor has promised to double the amount thus received. If that isn't sportsmanship, I do not know what is. The hon. secretaries are Mrs. Elphick, 118, Harley Street, W.1, and Mrs. Geoffrey Toye, 61, York Terrace, N.W.1—you realise the latter is Doris Lytton, who was in *Libel*; there is a wonderful committee of great golfers, such as Miss Gourlay, Major C. K. Hutchison, Captain C G. B. Stevens, and so on, while the patrons are so many and so distinguished that it would take a page to detail them. The golfing side-shows promise to be as exciting as ever. In fact, it looks like being a really good party.

Yours ever, ELEANOR E. HELME.

The "Bystander" Book Shelf

Rupert the Cavalier

By Alan Thomas

WHEN I was a boy at school we were given (or, rather, our parents bought for us) a little book of History Notes wherein I read, among other things, that "The Lives of the following are of especial importance"—and then came a list of forty-four names, beginning with Alfred and ending with Wellington. (Before the little volume had been in my possession a week, a forty-fifth name, beginning with T, had been added—in ink. But that is neither here nor there.) The thirty-first name on the list was Rupert, and in due course we were informed why Rupert's life was of importance—at all events, I assume we were; for I confess that, with the passage of years and the development of interest in a variety of subjects, ranging from Greek irregular verbs to military operations in the continent of Europe, Rupert's importance passed, so far as I was concerned, into something very like oblivion. And now, in the year 1934, not only has Rupert's importance re-emerged for me out of that dim past, but for the first time in my life I have been introduced to him as a human being. This introduction I owe to Mr. Clennell Wilkinson's new book, *Prince Rupert the Cavalier* (Harrap; 8s. 6d.), and it is a debt which I gratefully acknowledge.

In the preface Mr. Wilkinson makes it clear that he is dealing with Rupert the Cavalier as England knew him in the Civil War, not with Rupert the Admiral of later years or with Rupert the courtier. The key to his character is to be found in Sir Philip Warwick's words: "il estoit tousjours soldat." Born in the atmosphere of war he never, all his life, lost the joy of battle, and it is as a dashing cavalry leader, the reviver of the charge which was the beginning of modern shock tactics, that he will be remembered.

I know of no biographer who makes his characters "live," or who can capture the full romance of an age that is past, like Mr. Clennell Wilkinson. His *Nelson* and *Bonnie Prince Charlie* were great books. In *Prince Rupert the Cavalier* he has lived fully up to his reputation and has added another picture to his gallery of living portraits.

"ARE you happy? If not, consult Mr. Parker Pine, 17, Richmond Street." So runs an advertisement in the "Agony" Column of *The Times*. And who, pray, is Mr. Parker Pine? For thirty-five years of his life he has been engaged in the compiling of statistics in a Government office; he has now retired and uses his experience in a novel fashion. To quote his own words: "I *know* what causes unhappiness and consequently I have a clear idea of how to produce an opposite condition." And since unhappiness is no uncommon malady in the world, he does not want for clients. The middle-aged wife, the discontented husband, the City clerk, the rich woman who doesn't know what to do with all her money—these and others bring their troubles to the benign and understanding Mr. Parker Pine, and all—with one exception, due to an error of judgment on Mr. Parker Pine's part—are cured. Mrs. Agatha Christie in her new book, *Parker Pine Investigates* (Collins; 7s. 6d.), has hit upon a grand idea, and she exploits it with her customary skill. Mr. Parker Pine's province is the human heart; and, indeed,

Clennell Wilkinson

Whose book, "Prince Rupert the Cavalier," is reviewed here. He has also written biographies of Nelson and Prince Charles Edward

some of the earlier stories are more than mere mystery yarns: they hold some very sensible lessons on the art of living. The end of the book, I think, tails off somewhat. The stories with Eastern or near-Eastern settings are more conventional. Mr. Parker Pine's real place, I feel, is in London with his weird and amusing staff of collaborators, Claude Luttrell, Madeleine de Sara, and the rest.

I don't quite know why the book is described as "A Mystery Novel." It is a collection of short stories—and I heartily commend them.

"SWING DOOR," by Marion Reid-Jamieson and Nancy Rose (John Miles; 8s. 6d.) has a versatile heroine. She is a daughter of an Anglo-Indian Colonel living at Folkestone, who has the traditional—at any rate, traditional in novels—prejudice against women doing anything except marrying or, failing that, ministering to their fathers' comforts. So, in face of family disapproval, Henrietta goes off to the war, first to make bandages in a surgical depot, then to nurse in a hospital, next to wash cars in a garage, and finally to "paint things to look like something else," as her mother describes it. Henrietta eventually finds a successful outlet as a dress-designer. She is a typical post-war type, determined to throw off the family shackles, and—small blame to her—to live as she pleases. This involves her in being cited as a co-respondent and refusing to marry her lover, who ultimately shoots himself.

The other outstanding figure in the book is Henrietta's brother, Robert, a bumptious mountebank whom she hates. His climb to financial success and the inevitable crash which his wild cat schemes invite are well described. He is an unattractive person, but I felt a spark of sympathy for him on the several occasions when Henrietta told him what she thought of him. Even when she nobly saved him from bankruptcy, she could not forbear to do it again.

It is a long novel, and some of the people in it seemed a little shadowy. But the authors have succeeded in drawing convincing portraits of this brother and sister.

TWO books of comic drawings which gave me great pleasure are *Considered Trifles*, by H. M. Bateman (Hutchinson; 6s.), and *Line and Laughter*, by Ridgewell (Methuen; 5s.). Many of these pictures have appeared before in various magazines, but it is well that they should be preserved in volume form. For they are no mere crambe repetita. A good story can be told again and again, and the point will be listened for as breathlessly as ever. I have a friend who, at parties, is invariably called upon to recite a particular comic poem. He always protests that his audience must know the poem by heart—not realising that it is precisely because they *do* know it that they want to hear him recite it again.

And so it is with many things—certainly with good comic drawings. I enjoy looking through old volumes of "Punch." So, too, I enjoy looking through a volume of Bateman or Ridgewell. I spent quite ten minutes chuckling over Bateman's "Concentration"—the golfer surveying the ground before taking a long putt. How often have I concentrated in just the same way—without, alas, achieving the desired result! Or consider Ridgewell's picture "Discipline"—the Guards whose bearskins are blown off but who still continue to march as though nothing had happened. When I look at the changeless, imperturbable expression on the sergeant's face as he swings along, I cannot help thinking what a piece of work is a man, in form and moving how express and admirable! I also can't help thinking what fools we all are!

Two delightful volumes. They ought to be, by law, in every doctor's and dentist's waiting-room.

Christmas Spirits

By Jean Burnup

EVERY year there are people who say, "I loathe Christmas." They say it challengingly, as if they had given utterance to a great and original thought. As if they were daring, brilliant, eccentric people who could throw down cherished traditions, just like that.

There are, of course, people who do genuinely hate Christmas, for their own bitter and desperate reasons. But they don't talk about it.

I know a real Christmas-hater who took his five-year-old daughter to *Peter Pan* to see how she would react. When the famous question arrived, "Do you believe in fairies?", the carefully-trained child yelled "No!"

Father was so delighted that he bought her the whole of Tchekov for Christmas. He wasn't to know that she had prayed every night for a box of bricks, a doll who said "Ma-ma," a cuddly rabbit, and a Mickey Mouse, poor darling.

Well, if Christmas-haters want to be that way, let them. They can't spoil Christmas for the rest of us. And you will probably find them round about the 24th getting just as whimsy and Christmas-spirited as everybody else, and adding to the great jostling crowds of last-day shoppers.

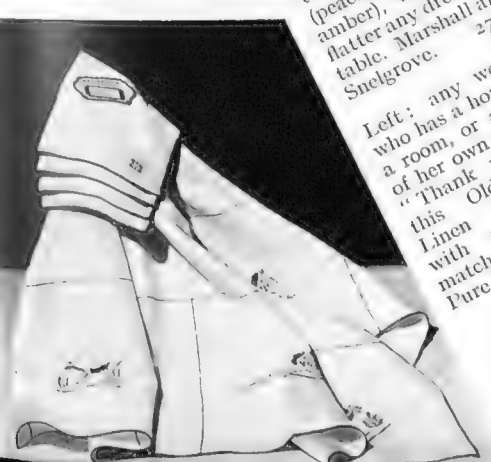
Whether you are a Christmas lover or hater, whether you shop early because you are wise, or late because you always leave everything to the last minute, anyway, or because Rosalind, to whom you only sent a card, has sent you a sumptuous bottle of perfume, the pictures on the Christmas presents pages in this issue may help you to decide the yearly problem—"What shall I give them?"

Cointreau . . . a lovely word, a lovely bottle, a lovely liqueur. And three famous cocktails depend on it for their success.

Craven Plain, same quality as Craven "A," no cork tip. Here is a 100 tin, supplied (though not photographed here) in a scarlet and silver Christmas carton. 5/-.

Allow somebody to be really luxurious and spray her talcum from this attractive bottle (peach, mauve, or amber), which will flatter any dressing-table. Marshall and Snelgrove. 27/6.

The "Anglepoise" toilet mirror (below) stands at any angle you want, and adjusts at the slightest touch. A new idea and a good one. £1 1s.



Left: any woman who has a home, or a room, or a table of her own will say "Thank you" to this Old Bleach Linen tea-cloth with napkins to match. Fadeless. Pure Irish. 15/11.

A new powder-bowl (below) with a hinged mirror in green and cream lacquer. A hidden lid rolls around the top, so that if you're travelling, your powder will never spill. Swan and Edgar.

Top, right: on the lid of the two-bottle gift box of Dewar's "White Label" are the words: "Christmas Cheer." No need to say more.

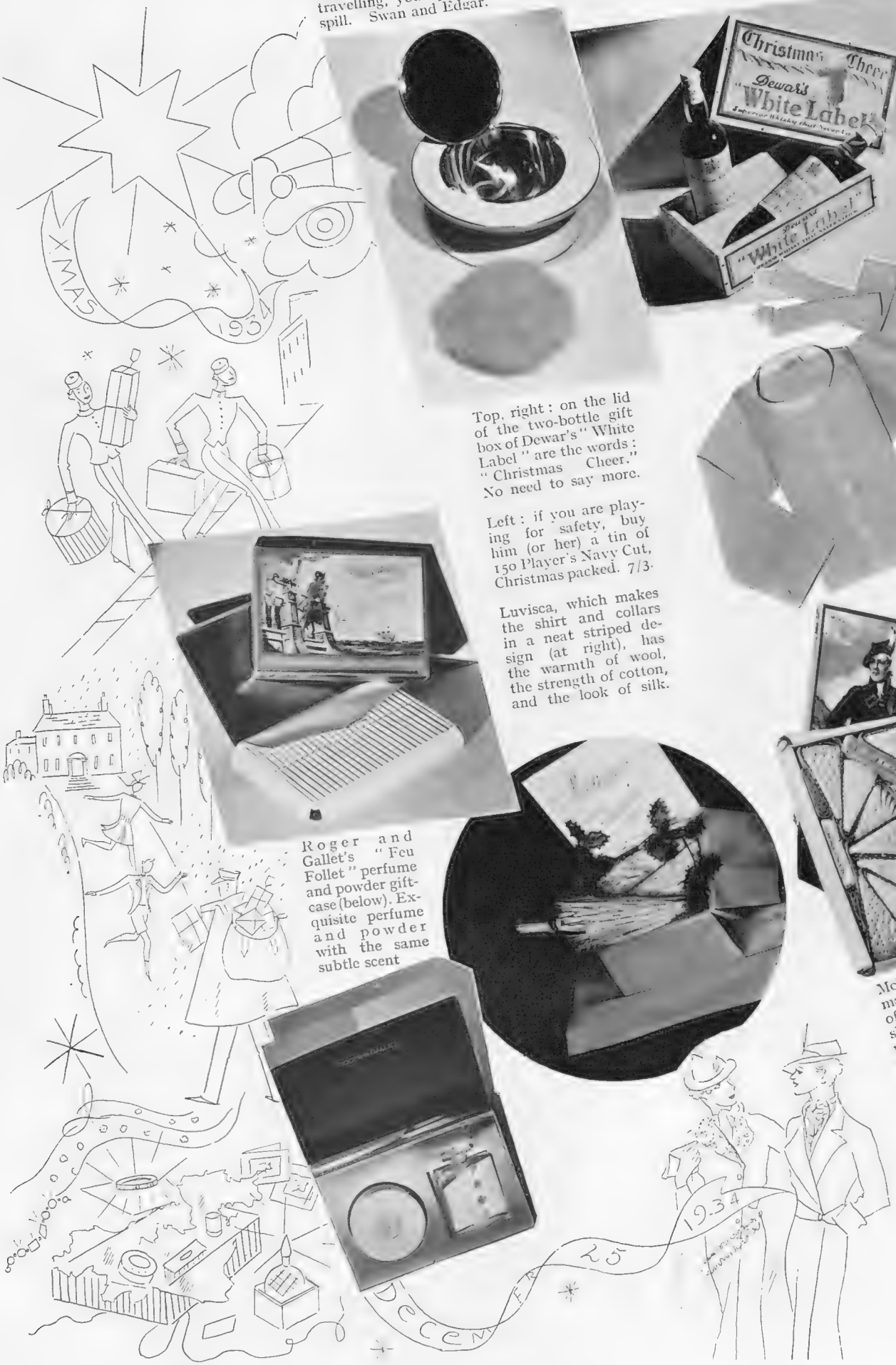
Left: if you are playing for safety, buy him (or her) a tin of 150 Player's Navy Cut, Christmas packed. 7/3.

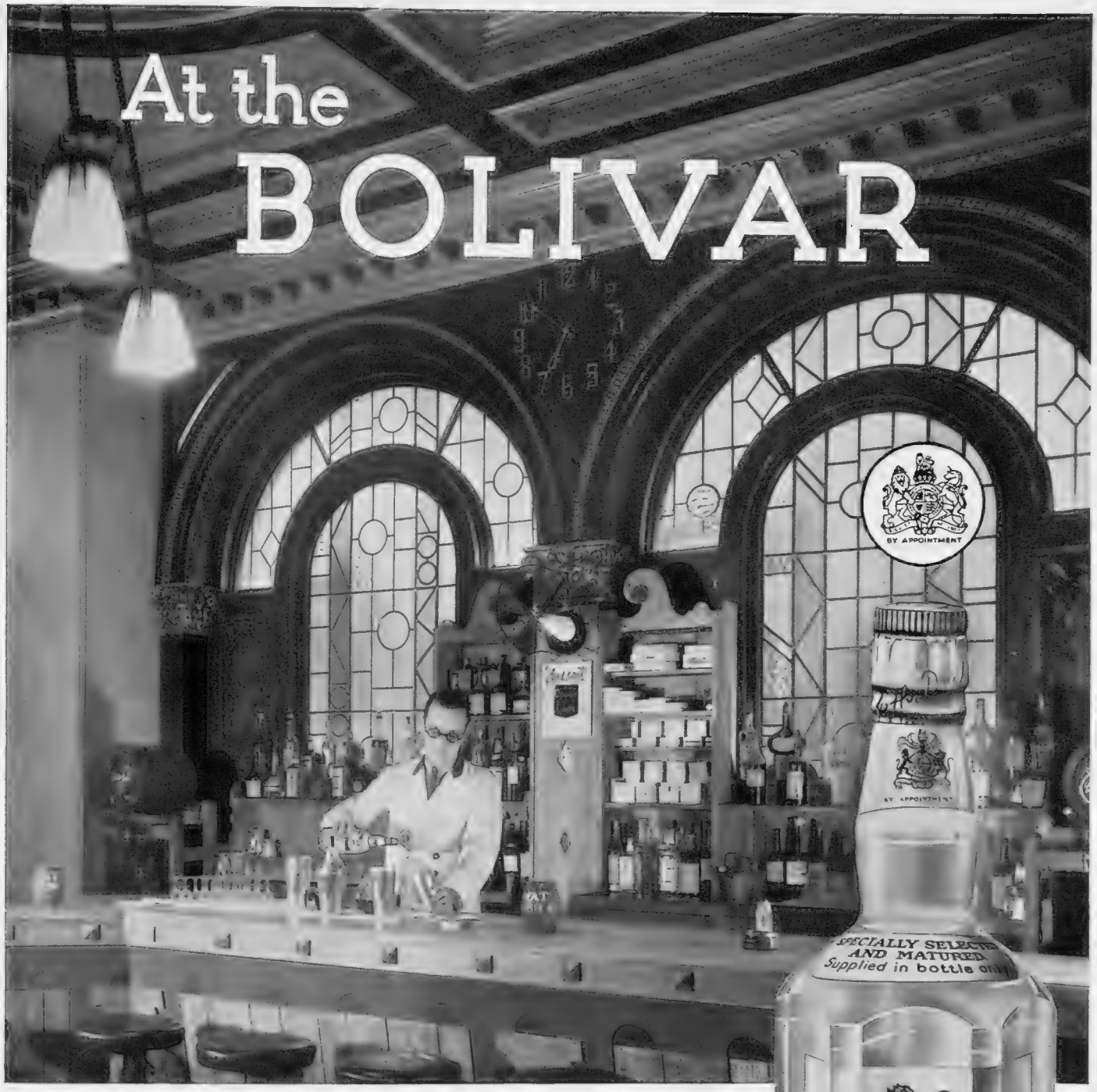
Luvisca, which makes the shirt and collars in a neat striped design (at right), has the warmth of wool, the strength of cotton, and the look of silk.

Roger and Gallet's "Feu Follet" perfume and powder gift-case (below). Exquisite perfume and powder with the same subtle scent

McVitie & Price make this tin of "Clansman" shortbread especially for the shortbread fan of the family

Three small bottles of Moussec—English sparkling wine—10/6 in a gift case. Left, above





You would know practically all the names of the distinguished people who come to the Bolivar for cocktails, dinner or lunch. Especially the great names in Music, Literature, Art, The Theatre, The Films and Radio.

It is amusing to decipher their signatures in the huge Autograph Album, and their praise of the food and wine served under Major Thomas's attentive care. Alfred's cocktails are immortalised in prose, verse, song and picture. His cocktails inspire and are themselves inspirations. He makes them with Booth's Dry, the only Gin that is matured.

Real Cocktails begin with

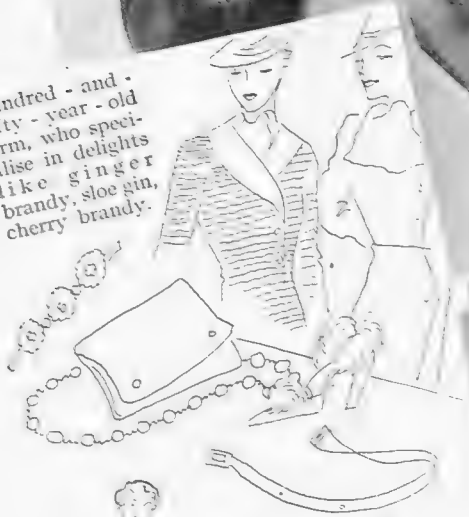
BOOTH'S The Only Matured DRY GIN

Grant's "Invictamint" Crème de Menthe. Made by the famous,

Two old-fashioned young ladies walk down alabaster steps, and make the attractive book-ends at the extreme left. Two sizes, from Harrods. 16/6 and 22/6.

Elegant blue and white braces, nicer than any he would buy himself. 6/6. And cuff-links that look like knots in wood. 11/-. Austin Reed.

hundred-and-fifty-year-old firm, who specialise in delights like ginger brandy, sloe gin, cherry brandy.



Left: an evening comb in a little beaded case, with a strip of mirror, looks frivolous, but acts useful. Woollands 12/6.

Since men must shave, they might as well shave perfectly. So here is a luxury Gillette (above) silver-plated razor, with a box of blades, in a good-looking nickel case. £1 1s.

Matthew Gloag, Perth, Scotland, will send this three-bottle case (whisky, sherry, port) carriage paid, to any address in Great Britain.

What's better than one bottle of Grant's "Standfast" Whisky? Two bottles in their special gift case, extreme left of page.

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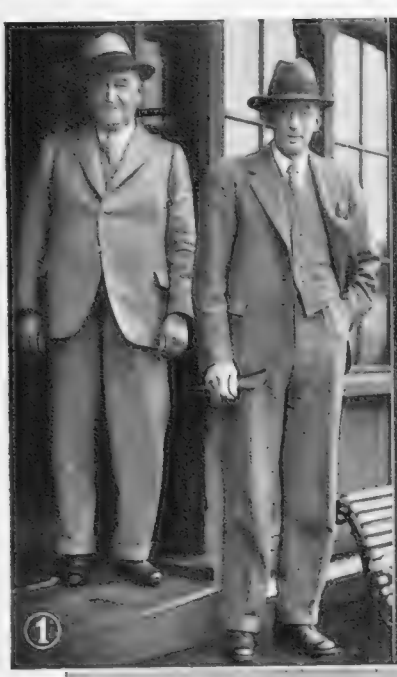

Golf Clubs at Home

The St. Andrews Meeting at West Lancashire

(1) Major Rowland Fairclough, the secretary, and O. Gunnell, the captain. (2) Ernest Stacey, chairman of greens committee, and Freddie Marsh, the hon. treasurer. (3) Stanley Webster, J.P., and J. E. B. Littlebury, ex-captain. (4) Henry Duranda, the oldest member, and W. E. Stacey, ex-captain. (5) R. M. Stewart, handicap and greens committee, and O. K. Jones. (6) W. Norman Thomas and W. Morrison, chairman of handicap committee. (7) Harvey Dodd and Stanley Morris, ex-captain and ex-hon. treasurer. (8) C. J. Marsh and J. A. Marsh, ex-captain. (9) A. H. Johnson, the steward, and E. W. H. Kenyon, the pro.

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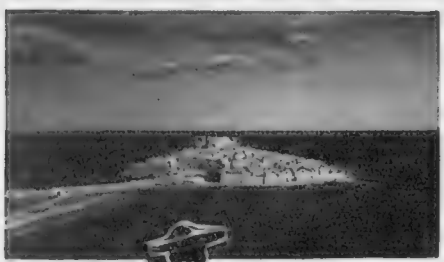

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SPAIN PROGRESSES ★ BUT KEEPS ITS CHARM

Rugby Clubs at Home: Newport (Mon.)

Specially drawn for the "Bystander" by H. H. Harris

George George and "Viv" Law, forwards

Jim Hawkins, scrum-half

Right: Fred Emms, forward

Left: Jack Knowles, three-quarter

Harry Wyles, three-quarter

"Eddie" Shiner, captain

Walter Legge, full-back

Bill Johnson, three-quarter

V. M. Griffiths, hon. sec.

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The Middlesex Golfing Alliance Twenty-Seven Holes Greensome Competition

C. J. Anderson and Capt. E. M. Palmer, secretary of the Northwood Golf Club, waiting at the seventeenth

K. E. Allen and G. R. Staley (Mote Mount) and R. McKenzie and H. M. Orr (Stanmore), two more competing pairs, marking up their cards after a hole

C. H. Wagstaff and J. E. de la Motte (Wyke Green) at the sixteenth, at West Middlesex, where the competition was played

F. G. L. Fairlie on Golf

Comments on Melbourne

THE result of the Melbourne Centenary Championship has just come through. The Americans, as usual, have reaped the reward of their superior skill over players of other nations by having representatives occupying the first three places. The winner was J. Thomson, who had an aggregate of 283 for the seventy-two holes played during the tournament. This, I am informed, equals the Australian record for a competition over four rounds. Leo Diegel, the genius who, somehow or other, contrives to overcome a perfectly ludicrous putting style, and manages to putt really very well in spite of his methods, occupied the second position, six strokes behind Thomson; and Gene Sarazen was third, one stroke again behind him. The leading amateur was Jack McLean. His aggregate of 294, a very creditable score, won for him the Gold Cup, which was the prize for the best performance by an amateur in the Centenary Championship.

It is worth recording that the sixteen leading returns by amateurs qualify these players for the Amateur Championship, which is very shortly to be played. McLean, Michael Scott, and Garnett all qualified in the first sixteen, but the fourth British player in the touring side, T. A. Bourn, automatically deprived himself of this pleasure by failing to qualify for the last two rounds of the Championship. It is rather a pity, I think, if the sixteen best returns were to be taken as qualifying for this match-play event which is to follow the Centenary Championship, that a greater chance was not given to those amateurs who may have been only a stroke or two behind the necessary score which would have enabled them to play the full four rounds. There is no knowing what a man like Dale Bourn will do when up against it and with two rounds to play.

However, those were the results, and Bourn will have to act as a spectator.

MCLEAN continues, with each performance in competitions, to consolidate the position which he holds of being without question not merely the best British amateur, but the best amateur outside America who is playing golf at the present moment. I wish I could think that he was the equal of several American amateurs, even that he was equal in class to their best. I am afraid, however, that there is very little doubt that, were he an American, he would not be considered good enough to play for the American Walker Cup side. If he were . . . well, he would only creep into the team. However, it is pleasant to know that we have at least one man who, on his day, may beat the giants of American amateur golf—a man like Johnnie Goodman or Lawson Little. It would be very encouraging to think that we had a few others who were capable of such a performance. I think the difference between McLean and the remaining amateurs in this country is that if any of the others beat either Little or Goodman, we would all know with complete certainty that the result was a fluke, whereas if McLean achieved the feat . . . then we might just possibly have an excuse for thinking that he might do it again. I understand that this Centenary Championship has been a great success, as it certainly deserved to be.

AT the time of writing, Cambridge are making quite a good fight of it against a side got together by R. H. Oppenheimer and known as "The League." The League is a society formed chiefly to wear the prettiest golf tie in the country and to play against both Universities—although perhaps not in that order. This present League side includes such well-known players as Cyril Tolley, N. C. Selway, Oppenheimer himself, Eric Martin Smith, and K. A. S. Morrice, and Cambridge have rather surprised their detractors in finishing the first day only five points behind a team which contains such an impressive list of names. It may be that they really are buckling to their job and realise that there is a great deal of work ahead of them if they are to give Oxford a game in March. If this is so, all good health to them in their endeavour.

BUT it cannot be encouraging to any Cambridge fan to read of Oxford's fine effort in the match against Addington, which was taking place on the same day. Addington only won by a single point, and, in fact, might very well not have won at all had the club not been aided by a stymie in the all-important individual match which settled the whole matter. This is really a very fine performance for any University side, in view of the fact that Addington were represented by a team which included Bob Sweeny, Eustace Storey, Rex Hartley, General Critchley, D. H. R. Martin, Burdon Sanderson (making a welcome return to British golf after too long an absence), F. Ricardo, and Francis Francis. G. H. Micklem was playing last in the team of twelve. Micklem is not exactly a class golfer, but he is no bad performer, all the same, and a difficult man to beat, and the fact that he was playing in the last place goes to show how strong were Addington. Pennink and his men from Oxford deserve many congratulations in that they were able to run Addington so close—only losing to the club, in fact, through a misfortune. Pennink, individually, also deserves congratulation in that he beat Rex Hartley in the leading single by three up with two to play.

THERE is no doubt, of course, that the representatives of the Universities have a decided advantage when they play the various club sides in matches throughout the season. That advantage is that they are all in practice, playing more regularly and more often than any of their opponents: they are quite possibly playing better during the University golfing season than they will ever play again. But it must not be forgotten that more often than not they are forced to make long journeys before playing, which is by no means good for golf—although any healthy youth should be able to throw off the effects in a hole or two. But they are up against the psychological effect of the Great Golfing Name whom they may be compelled to meet in friendly rivalry—that and experience. So that a performance such as that of Pennink against Hartley—or Lucas against Tolley—is much to be admired.

Double-breasted Dinner Jackets?

London is playing its part as the gayest city in the World, not with riotous abandon, but with dignity and a quiet smile. The prosperity and crowded night life have had a marked effect on male clothes. To dance at a smart West End Restaurant in a dinner jacket is no compliment to the ladies in the party: tails, in all their stiff-shirted glory, carnation-adorned, are the only correct formal attire.

The dinner jacket has gracefully abandoned all formal claims to stepping out in mixed company. Modestly, it seldom felt really happy outside the home: the most it could enjoy was an occasional bachelor party. When, during the darkest depths of the recent slump, it was given a break at mixed evening parties, it felt self-conscious and out of place. Now, when the full dress suit has swept away all such embarrassment, the dinner jacket has felt free to develop its own personality. Leaving all formality to tails, it has taken liberties with itself: prefers a soft shirt to accompany it, and—echoing happy memories of the South of France—welcomes the soft, turned-down collar instead of the hard wing. It is only natural that, as a direct result of this, the double-breasted dinner jacket has come into its own. Smart is perhaps the wrong adjective to use in this connection, for the word suggests formality; but the fact is that all smart men, when not in tails, now spend their evenings in a double-breasted dinner jacket.

This comfortable style has had a long struggle, braved even the label of effeminacy, but has arrived—to stay. Before long, it may make the single-breasted version appear old-fashioned. Pope and Bradley specialise in dress clothes.

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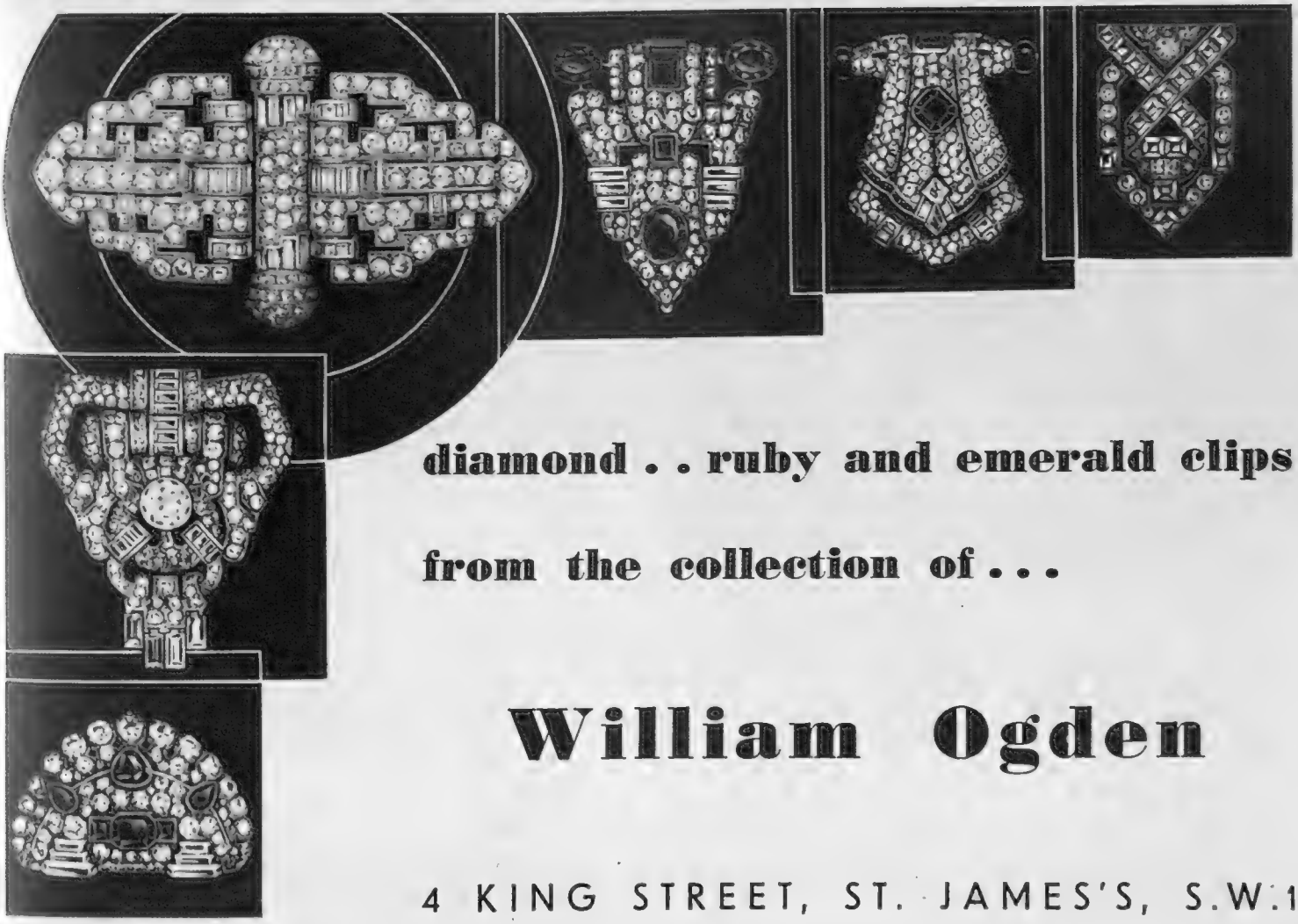

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Young Airmen Hunt on Foot

The R.A.F. cadets at Cranwell, in Lincolnshire, have their own beagles, of which Squadron-Leader Crofton (left) is Master. They were photographed at a recent meet at Wellingore Hall, near Grantham

Cambridge
The [redacted] Soccer Team for 1934

Back: J. Garne (Wellingborough and St. Catherine's), H. P. S. Caldwell (Charterhouse and Peterhouse), D. C. Follard (Malvern and St. Catherine's), H. Rose (Manchester G. S. and St. Catherine's), C. Sayer (Batley G. S. and St. John's), T. Entwistle (Bolton G. S. and Caius), A. W. E. Winlaw (Winchester and St. John's). Front: A. H. Woolcock (Brighton and St. Catherine's), G. A. Strasser (Shrewsbury and Pembroke), G. T. Hollebone (Charterhouse and Trinity; captain), G. A. R. Green (Shrewsbury and Pembroke; secretary). The 'Varsity "Soccer" match is on December 12th, on the Arsenal ground

Sport with the Lid Off

By "Mark Over"

THE international "Soccer" drum is still being pretty vigorously beaten these days, although, amid all the uproar, the Football Association are preserving a diplomatic silence.

But if the football mandarins are lying low just now, they are thinking quite a lot about these "battles" with Continental teams. And going, as I do, along the sport-ways, I can sense the feeling of the Football Association regarding such matches as the recent clash with the Italians at Highbury.

What are the plans for the future? Well, I believe that those in control of English football will be very careful before committing themselves to any more games with European "Soccer" sides. Indeed, they may even decide to abandon any ideas of Spring tours for at least twelve months.

A good move this would be. In a year, we could see just how the wind is blowing on the other side of the English Channel; and, if needs be, we could then quietly drop matches with those countries whose sense of proportion over football is just a trifle warped.

TRUTH is, of course, we in England did not realise just how seriously Italy was going to take the Highbury game. I prepared you for quite a lot of the ballyhoo before the "battaglio," as our Italian friends put it; but I had no idea what the repercussions of the clash would be. Now we know.

We have been inundated with extracts from the Italian sporting Press. They have been rather quaint in their summing-up of the play—that has only made us smile. Not so amusing has been the way in which, to put it bluntly, they have accused us of "squealing." That is not very pretty, is it?

So the Football Association will, I hope, take to heart all the lessons learned at Highbury. First, they must realise that the Italians are not yet temperamentally equipped for the fire and fury of international football. Secondly, they must set about the business of framing generally accepted rules to govern these games with Continental countries—by that, I mean all countries must come into line on such laws as charging the goalkeeper.

A VERY prominent referee expressed the opinion to me that much of the Italians' rough play—and, by Jingo, it was rough!—was due to the fact that they took exception to the way in which our forwards charged their goalkeeper. On the Continent, a 'keeper goes scot free once he is in possession of the ball. So, though the Italians were told that they must expect to see their man bowled over a bit, they lost their heads, and their tempers, when he was charged by the England players.

Perhaps the biggest lesson to be learned from the game, however, is that it is absurd to appoint a referee for this type of match who is not an expert linguist. Brilliant as was Otto Olssen, he could speak neither English nor Italian. Any time he wanted to explain a decision to the players, he had to do it by signs! All very primitive, this—and not too satisfactory from the point of view of the players.

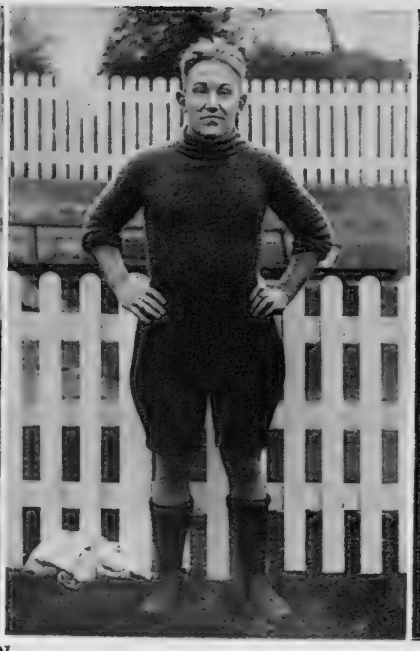
However, there we are. As I see an F.A. councillor puts it, maybe this Highbury match was the "war-to-end-wars" in "Soccerdom." We have seen the worst side of these affairs; there has been much bad blood and little else. What lies ahead? Maybe, as I have said, a discontinuance of fixtures with foreign countries for at least twelve months, and then very careful selection of future opponents.

AND now to lawn tennis, with a kindly word for the professional tournament staged at Wembley. It was good to see "Big Bill" Tilden in action, and seemingly as fresh as ever. Those of us who expected to see a flat sort of an affair were agreeably surprised at the pace, the craft, and the enthusiasm of the "money-players." It was good missionary work for professionalism, and the Big White Chiefs down Wimbledon way must have been duly impressed.

By the way, did you notice the significant statement made by H. W. Austin regarding

C. F. Walters is Engaged

C. F. Walters, the England and Worcestershire cricketer, and opening batsman in the Test Matches, is engaged to Miss Margaret Mary Pitt, daughter of the late James Pitt, of Hagley, Stourbridge. She is a keen hockey and tennis player



New Blues: Three 'Varsity "Rugger" Players

Peter Candler (Sherborne and Pembroke) was the first Cambridge "Rugger" player to get his Blue this term. He will play centre three-quarter at Twickenham on December 11th

Charles Grieve (Ampleforth and Christ Church) has just got his Blue at Oxford, and will play back at Twickenham. He is also a fine cricketer, and is likely to be in the Oxford XI. next year

Noel McGrath (Stonyhurst and University College) worked in a Dublin office till he could afford to go up to Oxford, and was rewarded by getting his Blue in his first term. He is an Irish International forward

A Badminton Queen

Mrs. Uber, the holder, is playing in the South of England Ladies' Singles Badminton Championship at the Crystal Palace

his future plans? "Bunny" said that he would remain in the amateur ranks until the next Davis Cup Challenge Round was over. Just what his move would be *after* the Davis Cup defence, Austin did not reveal.

I HAVE a shrewd idea, however, that the gap between amateurs and professionals will be much diminished in the next twelve months. On good authority I can state that the Lawn Tennis Association's attitude regarding the ban on amateurs making instructional films will be considerably altered. Indeed, I go so far as to say that Wimbledon stars will be able to accept lucrative contracts for film-making without endangering their amateur status.

This is good news. After all, there has been an absurd—and inconsistent—ruling on this question of an amateur's right to "cash in" on his skill. As things stand now, Fred Perry can write a hundred books on tennis, but he must not make an instructional tennis film. What's the difference? Of course, there isn't any.

Well, if this film ban is raised, as I am sure it will be, it is an important step to bridging the gap between professionals and amateurs. What will be the next move? Nothing more, I predict, than open tournaments, with Tilden, Vines and the rest, meeting the amateurs. It is bound to come, for professionalism is fast gaining new recruits—and good ones at that.

Lott, Stoefen, Vines, Cochet, Tilden! Think of these former Wimbledon stars now in action as professionals. And more amateurs are toying with the idea of joining them. In the end, as I see it, Wimbledon will be denuded of gate-drawing personalities, until at last the authorities will have their hands forced and be bound to go over to open tournament play.

BUT things are in the air just at present—as much in the air, indeed, as young Jack Petersen's tilt at the world's cruiser-weight championship. The defeat of Maxie Rosenbloom by Bob Olin in New York has rather upset the calculations of those behind the brilliant Welshman. Rosenbloom held the cruiser crown until Olin came along the other night to beat him in a scrambling sort of fight.

As things went, Petersen would have gone over to America to meet Rosenbloom for the title. Olin has bobbed up to complicate the situation. However, we may hear in the next day or so that negotiations are being made to match the new title-holder with Petersen some time in the New Year. I hope so, for I feel that the British fighter has a splendid chance of carrying off the championship—and this despite the fact that he would be boxing in America, the land of queer fight decisions!

Meanwhile, Petersen is getting busy for his bout with George Cook, the Australian, next month. As I have said before, I expect Petersen will have little difficulty in retaining his British heavy-weight championship, even though Cook once stayed the distance with him at Cardiff. All that the fight experts are looking for is a knock-out victory for Petersen; if he cannot beat Cook, except on points, then we must revise our ideas of the advance he has made in the last year or so.

AS the November fog steals like a yellow ghost from the river and over the meadows, I find it rather difficult to write of such an unseasonable subject as cricket. Yet it would not be well if the swan song of W. M. Woodfull, Australia's retiring Test skipper, were left to go unheard here. Woodfull, dour and uncompromising though he was in Test cricket, has many friends in this country—don't we all love a fighter!

However, we have seen the last of Woodfull. No longer will he travel along "the road to Leyton, Lord's and Leeds, Old Trafford and the Oval, and the Taunton Meads." Yet the Australian skipper goes out of cricket with a final flourish, hitting a century in his testimonial match in Melbourne.

And, too, he closes down his first-class career with a tip for the English Test captaincy—none other than the Middlesex all-rounder, G. O. Allen. Woodfull may not be far wrong; indeed, some months ago I tipped "Gubby" Allen as the successor to Wyatt, adding that we should probably see him lead England in next summer's representative games with the South Africans.

A likeable fellow is Allen. He has all the attributes of leadership; he is popular with the players, a rare battler in a back-to-the-wall affair, and has the ability to carry off the duties which an England skipper visiting Australia is expected to undertake—and, I may tell you, there are a welter of speeches to be made! The next fight for the "Ashes" is a long way off . . . but look out next summer for Allen getting his hand in for the job of England captain.

Out with the Cottesmore

Major "Bill" Rollo and Lady Kathleen Rollo eating their sandwiches after a fast run of thirty-five minutes and a kill near Burton Hall, Melton Mowbray

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About the Wedding . . .

(Continued from page 385)

THERE is a vast family luncheon-party and another luncheon-party for the staff, and later in the afternoon the bride and bridegroom go off from Paddington by special train to Himley Hall, Worcestershire, that heavenly place that belongs to Lord Dudley, who is lending it for the first part of the honeymoon, and where the Duke of Kent and the Prince of Wales have often stayed before.

WHEN the Duke and Duchess return from Himley they will probably go to 3, Belgrave Square, which the Duke has taken on a short lease from Lady Juliet Duff. She is going to leave some of her furniture in it, but the rest they 'll have to find for themselves. Wedding presents will doubtless come in handy. The rug sent by the Viceroy and Lady Willingdon from India, for instance, will be well trodden under foot of man. Let 's hope there is a safe, or, if there isn't, that one will quickly be put for the jewels to reside in — that lovely necklace that the Duke himself designed for his bride, of rubies, diamonds and sapphires, and the bracelet, too (sapphires, by the way, are Princess Marina's favourite stone), and the three eternity rings, red, white and blue again, and all the other lovely things. Talking of rings, reminds us that Princess Marina's wedding-ring has been made in Wales by Welsh miners, but the ring that she is giving the Duke of Kent, in accordance with the custom of the Greek Church, has been made in Birmingham. It 's a plain gold ring, much like any other wedding-ring really.

PRINCESS MARINA is by no means so modern as to refuse to say the word " obey " in her marriage service. That is not to be omitted, we are told. As we all know, the Duke is the most musical member of the Royal Family; in fact, he plays the piano himself extremely well, so we are not surprised that he has chosen all the hymns and music for his own wedding. There is to be a special anthem composed for the occasion, the music of which is written by Dr. Ernest Bullock.

Round the Restaurants

Where to Dine and Dance this Week

IT 's a grand thing to have " Dora " out of the way for three nights this week. It needed a Princess to send Mrs. Grundy's cousin packing, even temporarily : these three evenings of liberty might be called Princess Marina's wedding-present to London.

Most of the restaurants are making a " do " of it, and are certain to be packed-out every night.

AT the CARLTON there 's dancing in the restaurant all the week, instead of on Tuesday only; with a very special cabaret in the shape (and what a shape !) of Hildegarde. She 's a lovely American who 's been a cracking success in Paris, and is booked for the Carlton for at least a fortnight. She sings, dances, impersonates, and has " it plus."

THE RITZ is putting on Sherkot, the " Streamline " goalie, and the Western Brothers, as cabaret in the restaurant on Thursday night. They are also making great preparations in the restaurant and grill for lunch the same day, being on the wedding route. A stand is being put up on the terrace, and a certain number of combined stand-and-lunch tickets have been sold.

AT the VILLA RODET, in Jermyn Street—a good place for a post-wedding lunch—there will be a special dinner on Thursday night, as well as the ordinary dinner. The idea here is to keep things more or less normal, except for the extra extension nights, so that anyone who hasn't gone gala can dine and dance peacefully, and without dressing-up. Theodore Guitter's band now plays here, from 8.15 on (dance music after 10 p.m.); every member of the orchestra of five plays two instruments, so they can cope with " straight " music as well as the dancing kind.

THE THEATRE RESTAURANT, in the Strand, has also decided to stay normal. There 's no music or dancing anyway. People who want to eat quietly before a cinema or theatre, and have supper afterwards and " talk it over," will go here to do it. There must be a few oases of quiet in London, even on the night after a Royal wedding.

AT GROSVENOR HOUSE there 's a gala on Thursday, with a huge wedding-cake to be cut before midnight, and a toastmaster to propose the Royal couple's health. The Red Cross Ball and the St. Andrew's Eve Ball the night before and the night after the wedding will both be big affairs here.

THE DORCHESTER are having a gala and carnival night on the 29th, and special decorations in the restaurant all week. Here, as at Grosvenor House, the cabarets are as usual, as there will be hundreds of people in London wanting to see Les Girls Midnight Follies, and Monte Carlo Follies.

AT the CAFÉ DE PARIS the clever Ivy St. Helier will appear from Wednesday night onwards, and Jack Harris and his famous band will play as usual. Thursday dinner and supper will be en gala.

AT the MAY FAIR, Ross and Sargeant are singing their amusing songs, there are decorations all week, and a gala on Thursday.

The Shadow...
...and the Substance
of Perfection
PLAYER'S
NAVY CUT
CIGARETTES
MEDIUM
PLAYER'S NAVY CUT CIGARETTES · PLAIN OR CORK-TIPPED · 20 FOR 11½D 50 FOR 2/5
N.C.C.232.

'Planes to Dazzle the Sun

By Charles Ward

Shell Photo

A new angle on Venice—the Piazzetta S. Marco, with a corner of the Cathedral. The picture was taken from a liner of Ala Societa Littoria, which operates Italy's national air lines

Competition in Colour

STANDARD TELEPHONES AND CABLES, LTD., a company supplying wireless equipment for aerodromes and aircraft, has bought a Puss Moth. Little difficulty was experienced in choosing the 'plane, but a state of armed neutrality has been declared in the office over the colour-scheme. Here is the order for spray-painting as received at Heston: "Upper half of fuselage Cambridge blue—lower half of fuselage Oxford blue. Lettering to be Oxford blue with lower half of fuselage lettering lined in Cambridge blue. Tail unit Cambridge blue, and all lift struts and under-carriage struts. Wings silver, Standard Radio and Union Jack signs to be painted on tail; colour as before, in Oxford blue." No prize is offered for the solution as to which wins. For those who are colour conscious, the aeroplane's the thing for experiments. Mrs. Spencer Cleaver has a "Gull" painted silver and pale emerald, with upholstery in a soft neutral. Lord Apsley's "Elf" has a body in navy and saxe-blue with naval registration. Wings and tail are cream, with orange tips. Struts are saxe-blue, upholstery is in red, whilst the wing registration, matching the tips, is carried out in a delicate shade of orange.

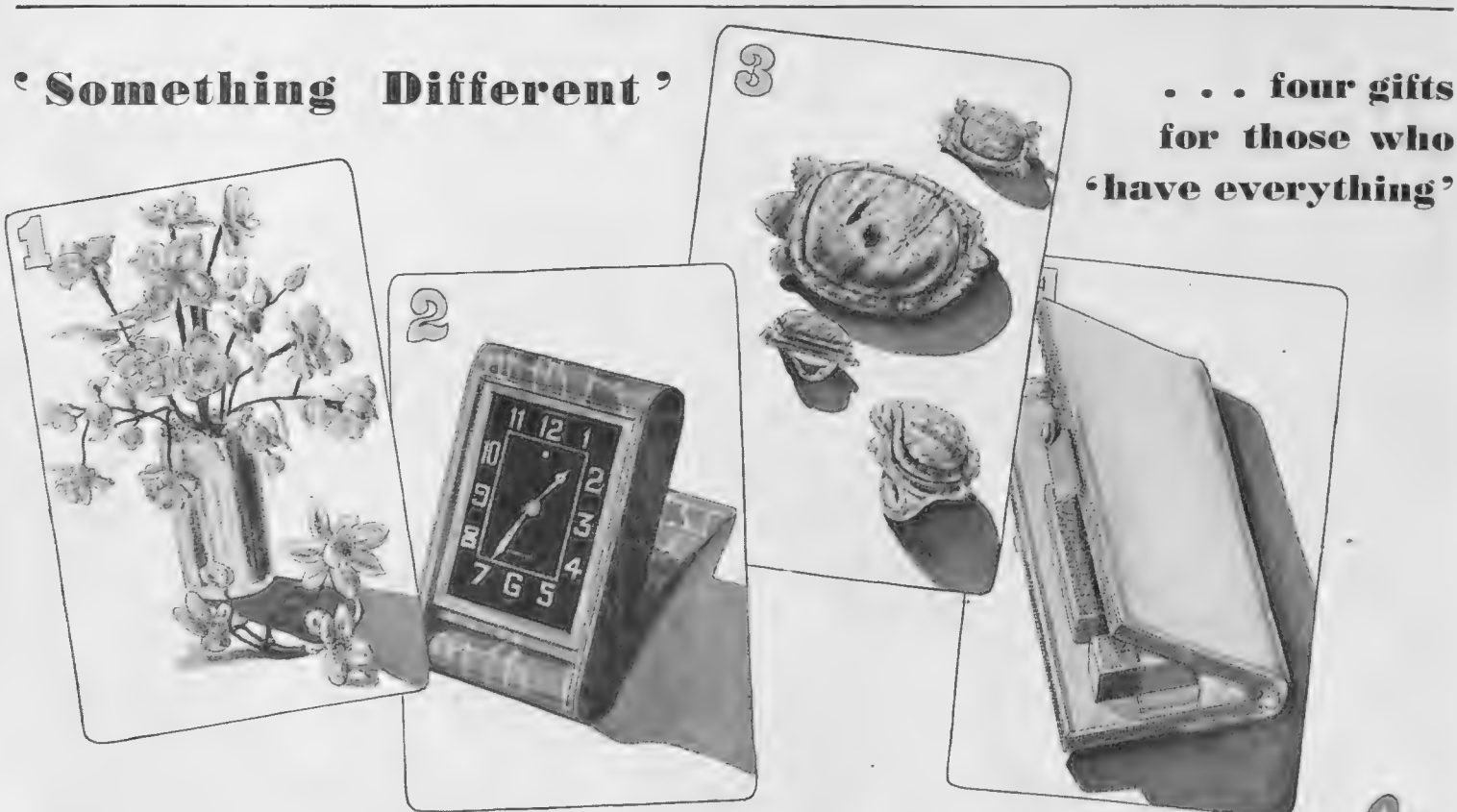
The Paris Aero Show

FOR those who think that any excuse to visit Paris is reasonable, let me say that the 14th International Aviation Exhibition has its points and deserves attention from those who are commercially or technically interested in flying. The closing date is December 2nd, which need occasion no surprise, the day being Sunday, as this is the Continent. The British exhibits are interesting to the extent that they demonstrate our skill in metal construction and the variety of our engine types. Rolls-Royce show a "Kestrel," in parts, which has flown for 500 hours without overhaul. In the particular machine in which this was used, it is equivalent to a distance of at least 80,000 miles. Napier's have their "H"-shaped "Rapier" and "Dagger," the latest for air-cooling, designed by Major Halford, and also the "Culverin," burning heavy oil, which is to be used by the R.A.F. in an "Iris" flying-boat. The Armstrong-

(Continued on page ii)

'Something Different'

. . . four gifts for those who 'have everything'



1 Shell flowers, natural and pastel tinted 4/11 each; two on spray 5/11. Lotus flowers for table centre 12/9.

2 8-day Travel Clock in blue, red, green, or brown morocco case, with special indicator to show when to re-wind. Luminous, on black or white dial (2⅛ x 3⅛ x ⅝ ins.) 5 gns. Crocodile £5.17.6.

3 A family of tortoises; the Brooch is 17/6, the Ear-clips 17/6 the pair, and the ring 12/6. In tortoise-shell composition.

4 Elizabeth Arden's Party Bag, fitted with automatic lipstick and powder compact in gilt engine-turned cases, glass perfume bottle, mirror, comb, purse and cigarette container. Velvet, satin or brocade with gilt frame (6½ x 4 x ¾ ins.) 4½ gns.

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COME any day, any month—you won't be bored a minute. There's action at Gstaad.

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as a gift to yield a lifetime's service

For any man or boy, this is a gift that will be valued as you would wish it to be—for a lifetime . . . . **Real** jewellery. Sensible, well-made; shaped to save linen, temper and time. And with all that, in perfect taste. You **cannot go wrong** in choosing O.P. Links and Studs.

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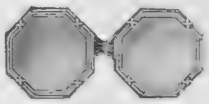
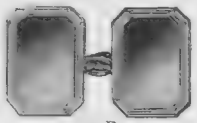
O.P. De Luxe Wallet contains six 9-ct. Gold Studs and pair of 9-ct. Gold Sleevelinks. About 60/-. Without Links About 37/6

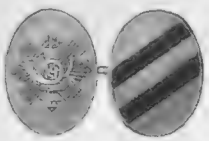
X2908
Onyx & Pearl 9 ct.
White Gold Links 53/6
Vest buttons .. 49/-
Studs 31/-



2824.
Mother O' Pearl 9 ct.
White Gold Links 39/6
Vest buttons .. 35/-
Studs 26/-



557B
9 ct. Gold Engine-turned Sleeve links 25/6



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"The Best Sherry made"

These are not our words but those of a customer, and they certainly express what we think, and try to achieve

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BE TALLER! CLIENTS GAIN 2 to 6 INCHES! Increased my own height to 6' 3½" ROSS SYSTEM NEVER FAILS. Particulars (mailed privately) FREE. S. K. MALCOLM ROSS, Height Specialist, Scarborough, England. *(P.O. Box 15.)*

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Always choose GRANT'S LIQUEURS—made by the famous house for Cherry Brandy—THOS GRANT & SONS — over 150 years' reputation for wonderful quality.

CHERRY BRANDY, CRÊME de MENTHE, SLOE GIN, etc.

Welcome Always
Keep it Handy

Little Lady Liqueur

GRANT'S
MORELLA
CHERRY BRANDY

At Brooklands—Captain Mackenzie, the chief instructor, demonstrating to pupils the action of the controls by means of a model 'plane

'Planes to Dazzle the Sun

(Continued from page 434)

Siddeley family, 80 to 800 horse-power, is present on parade, whilst Bristols are showing two new models, with sleeve valves, economical to run, and with fewer moving parts. Of the foreign exhibits, the Russian types attract most attention, partly for the reason that so little is known about aviation under the Soviet. Their 'planes are quite normal and obviously capable of favourable comparison with any other standard types. French exhibits are interesting in that the designers have ceased to be eccentric and have come more into line with Service or business requirements. Incidentally, Air France offers transport from London at reduced fares on demand.

Trespassers Will Be Prosecuted

It 's about time that international action was taken about some of the so-called Prohibited Areas, which grow in number and increase in size with the spread of aviation. For amateur pilots touring Europe, these areas are a nightmare. It is often difficult enough for a novice to find his way with certainty from place to place, and to have to avoid large tracts of country, where no visible warning sign is exhibited adds many complications to a Continental tour. The International Chamber of Commerce hopes to secure some amelioration of these vexatious barriers to peaceful travel. No pilot of a civil machine has time to study fortifications, and very few would understand their meaning, anyhow. Some time ago, our own War Office banned a photograph of Gibraltar because it was taken from a different angle to the stereotyped view of the Rock; yet such pictures had not only been taken by French and Spanish pilots flying to North Africa, but had been published on the Continent. Whilst flying is restricted to a few hundred 'planes passing any one frontier in a year it is comparatively easy to detect infringements of the rules. The fun will begin when there are thousands of machines entering and leaving every country. Who wouldn't join the Air Police?

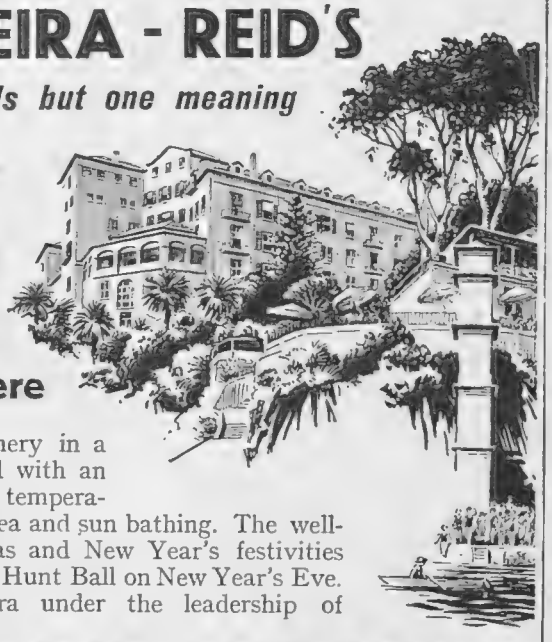
Straight from the Tarmac

The Brooklands Aero Club announces that the first hundred non-flying members to join next year may do so at a reduced subscription of one guinea. Another innovation is that the Aerodrome will be open to the public during week-ends. The air service to the Channel Islands is being continued through the winter, and Jersey Airways have placed an order for six de H. expresses, the four-engined type being used in Australia. At a cruising speed of 145 miles an hour the journey from Heston to Jersey will occupy less than an hour and a half. The popularity of this line is assured—18,500 people have flown to and from the Channel Islands in less than eleven months, and even at the beginning of this month an average of forty passengers a day were travelling the air way The Whitehall Securities Corporation is backing Jersey Airways, which has also come to an arrangement with the Spartan group to eliminate wasteful competition between London, Portsmouth, and the Isle of Wight

MADEIRA - REID'S

Two words but one meaning

Sunshine and Comfort in a Perfect Atmosphere



Marvellous scenery in a dust-free Island with an average Winter temperature of 61° F. Sea and sun bathing. The well-known Christmas and New Year's festivities include a Grand Hunt Ball on New Year's Eve. Dance Orchestra under the leadership of Prof. Missana.

REID'S HOTEL

Bedrooms with hot and cold running water. Four Tennis Courts. Private Sea Bathing. Dancing indoors and out. Casino.

Regular sailings by Union Castle Line, Royal Mail Line, Blue Star Line, Elder Dempster Line, Hamburg South American Line, Royal Netherlands Steamship Company.

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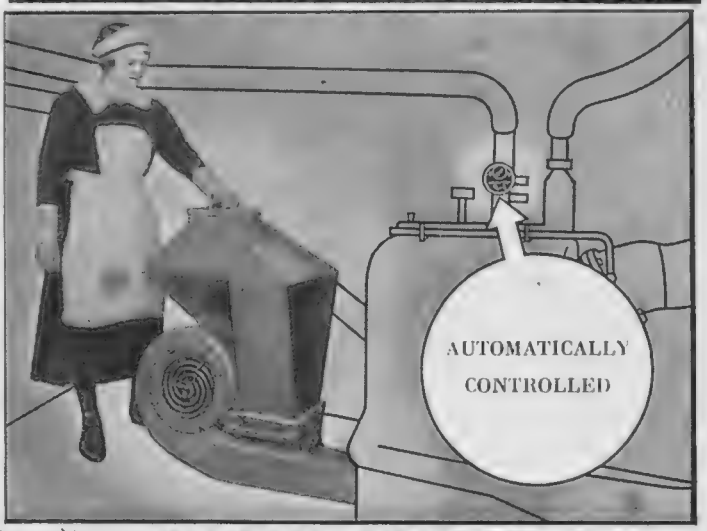

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Women *Are* Giving up

Old Time Make-up Shades . . . for an Utterly New Creation

WRONG MAKE-UP
gives a "hard," "cheap" look.

These Pictures, both of the same model, show the difference between right and wrong make-up.

RIGHT MAKE-UP
provides a natural seductiveness—free of all artificiality

•

ACTUALLY MATCHES THE COLOUR OF THE HUMAN BLOOD

THERE is now a *new* and utterly different way in make-up . . . the creation of Louis Philippe, famed French colourist, whom women of Paris and the Cosmopolitan world follow like a Religion. A *totally* new idea in colour that often changes a woman's whole appearance.

That is because it is the first make-up—rouge or lipstick—yet discovered that actually matches the warm, pulsating colour of the human blood.

End that "Cheap," "Hard" Look

This new creation forever banishes the "cheap", "hard" effect one sees so often today from unfortunately chosen make-up—gives, instead, an absolutely *natural* and unartificial colour.

As a result, while there may be some question as to what constitutes Good Form in manners or in dress, there is virtually no question today among women of admitted social prominence as to what constitutes Good Form in make-up.

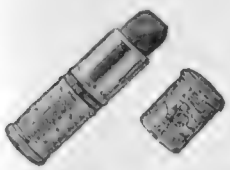
What It's Called

It is called ROUGE ANGELUS Louis Philippe. And it comes in both lipstick form and in paste rouge form. You use either on *both* the lips and the cheeks. And one appl cation lasts all day long.

In its allure, it is typically, *wickedly* of Paris. In its virginal modesty, as natural as a *jeune fille*—ravishing, without revealing!

Do as smart women everywhere are doing—adopt Rouge Angelus Louis Philippe. You'll be amazed at what it does for you. *See the marvellously gay*—new *daytime colours*—*Pandora and Poppy.*

The LITTLE RED BOX for Lips and Cheeks



The LIPSTICK

Louis Philippe
ANGELUS ROUGE INCARNAT

USE ON BOTH THE LIPS AND THE CHEEKS

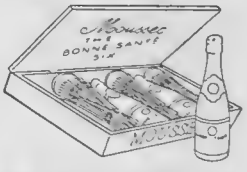
For parties; for presents

Moussec is very easy to choose, very pleasant to receive, very good to drink, very reasonable to pay for. What more could be asked of any Christmas present?

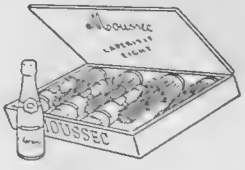
The Bottle 6/6; the Baby Bottle 1/-; other sizes at prices between. Also in four special packings, for gifts or parties, from 8/- to 20/-

THE PARTY CASE. The photograph at the top is the original Party Case—two bottles and two half bottles 20/-

MOUSSEC THREESOME
Three half bottles **10/6**



BONNE SANTE SIX
Six Crown Cork quarter bottles **10/-**



L'APÉRITIF EIGHT
Eight Baby bottles **8/-**

MOUSSEC

MADE FROM CHAMPAGNE GRAPES BY THE ENTIRELY NATURAL CHAMPAGNE PROCESS

What Does the Motoring Public Want?

By

The Earl of Cardigan

A 16-60 Humber taking the "hairpin" on Bwlch-y-Groes, the Welsh test hill. The car's good steering lock eliminates most of the difficulty of the turn

To attain success in commerce, the first and most obvious essential is to Know What the Public Wants. After that, it is easy enough to manufacture the desired article, and one may spend one's declining years in sitting back comfortably and endorsing the cheques as they come in!

It is a fascinating prospect; but, unfortunately, only one man in a million ever fully achieves the first step. To Know What the Public Wants—nothing can be easier than this in theory, or more utterly baffling in practice. What, for instance, do people look for in buying a motor-car? After ten years of writing on this subject, I am by no means certain; and there is no doubt that many manufacturers are equally at a loss.

Even such evidence as is available is inconclusive. I know a man who handles the publicity business of a very large manufacturing concern. He recently sent out a circular, setting forth the good qualities of his firm's latest products. About two dozen features were listed, and recipients were asked to place these in order of preference. He circularised all those people whom he knew to be more than ordinarily interested in motoring developments—in which category I was included.

In due course, the various replies came in. What would they reveal? Surely an analysis would show an overwhelming demand for certain mechanical qualities, and comparative indifference towards others? Surely some unanimous consensus of opinion would display itself?

Actually, nothing could have been more disappointing. From the scores of keen motorists interrogated, scores of entirely different answers were received. One man's meat was, only too obviously, another man's poison. There was so little general agreement that no effective analysis could be made!

From the large mass of material collected, only one or two general inferences could be drawn. Speed, on the whole, did not seem to be popular. In the majority of replies, it was given a low place in the list of desirable qualities. This may surprise some people; but I suppose the truth is that the average modern car can always be relied upon for as much sheer speed as any normal driver will require. There are very few motorists who consistently cruise at more than 50 m.p.h. Such a pace is obviously well within the range of any self-respecting 1935 model. Hence, this is one aspect of the car's road performance which we can safely take for granted.

Free-wheel transmission, curiously enough, was another feature to be given, by the majority, a low place on the list. One thinks of the free-wheel as being a great boon—and there is no doubt that it has many adherents—but this low rating would suggest that its popularity is by no means widespread. This need not, of course, discourage the fitting of free-wheel mechanism. Those who do not care for it may dispense with its use by the simple process of pushing in a plunger on the instrument board. Thus, if it makes but few friends, it should create no enemies.

(*Continued on page* vi)

I'm Your Protector-Like

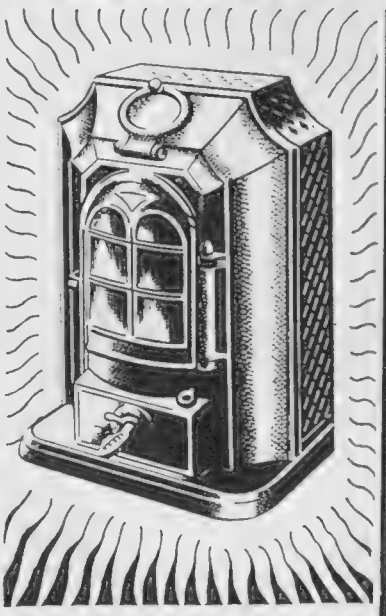
OXO

for

Cup or Cooking

8/35

CONTINUOUS HEATING



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Also at 11, Ludgate Circus, LONDON, E.C.4, Liverpool, Edinburgh & Glasgow

COLD SHIVERS—OR

GOOD SLEEP THE FINEST TONIC

Do not sleep in cold, damp beds and encourage bad health. The "Thermega" Electrically Heated Blanket offers an unrivalled means of providing warm, cosy beds at the turn of a switch. Laid flat in the bed an hour or so before retiring, it thoroughly airs the bed and warms it throughout.

COSY WARMTH?

The "Thermega" Electric Pad supplies constant heat for **local** application and is ideal for relief of all pain or replacing hot-water bottles. "Thermega" Blankets and Pads can be used for approximately 16 hours per unit (any voltage 100-250). Thermostatic control.

Blankets from 63/- Pads from 31/6

At all good stores, chemists, and electricians, or from Thermega Limited, 51-53, Victoria Street, London, S.W.1

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BLANKETS & PADS

Beware of imitations. It is vital that these appliances should be made by experienced workers

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HUNTING GIFTS

What could be more acceptable as a seasonable gift for your friends who ride or hunt—than something connected with this great sport?

Our splendid stock of Hunting Whips, Canteens, Flasks, Gloves, Saddles and other accessories give you a wide range of choice, and in dealing with us you have the knowledge that every article is in keeping with our long reputation for quality and reasonable price.

Description of Goods Illustrated

Yellow hand-knitted string ***Riding Gloves, 4/6*** *per pair.*

Copper Hunting Horn, 15/-. Wire Cutters *in leather case,* ***18/6*** *and* ***22/6*** *per pair.*

Hunting Canteen *with bayonet top bottle and fall-back lid, Britannia metal box. Case chamois lined measuring 6 × 5½ × 1½ in.,* ***60/-.***

Child's Hunting Crop, *with pigskin leather handpart, two silver mounts and stitched keeper, with buck hook,* ***16/6.***

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What a Life

The average man spends about a third of his life in bed. But no matter how rich he is (or isn't) he can't wear anything more luxurious than pure silk pyjamas during that time. Austin Reed silk pyjamas are available in smart plain colours and all sorts of striped patterns. You can have them in all sizes from 36″ to 46″ chest. There are silk pyjamas for 25/6 and 35/6, and all-silk crêpe pyjamas for 50/- and 63/-. This just shows how little extra it costs to live in the lap of luxury for at any rate a third of the time.

SILK PYJAMAS 25/6, 35/6

ALL-SILK CRÊPE PYJAMAS 50/-, 63/-

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AUSTIN REED LTD. LONDON P.4124

What Does the Motoring Public Want?

(*Continued from page iv*)

Stewart and Ardern's new show-rooms at Morris House, Berkeley Square, whence they have removed from Bond Street. The new premises provide a fine example of modern show-room lay-out

AMONG the features to be generally conceded a high place in the order of merit was efficient braking. This was, perhaps, to be expected, and certainly no one would deny the vital importance of good brakes. On the other hand, I should almost have thought that, like speed capacity, efficient braking nowadays could be taken very much for granted. Personally, I find that the badly braked car is already something of a rarity.

The interpretation, I suppose, is that, even when braking systems differ only in degrees of excellence, the slight *extra* efficiency is to be regarded as an asset of the first importance. To be a little better braked than "the other fellow"—this perhaps expresses many a motorist's ambition.

Another high place was earned by seating accommodation placed within the wheel-base. With this I heartily agree, and it is good to know that the demand for such seating is more or less general. There is no doubt that, where the back seat is placed markedly outside the wheel-base, the ideal conditions for springing and road-holding cannot be attained. A long wheel-base car, in my experience, is nearly always an agreeable car to handle. Incidentally, it remains more controllable in the event of a skid.

FAIRLY high places, also, were accorded to various "automatic" features. Thus, automatic lubrication was well up in the majority of lists. In a sense, this is natural enough. It has always been obvious that a car which would lubricate itself would earn the gratitude of every owner driver. On the other hand, it must be agreed that, unless absolutely reliable, any automatic system of lubrication is but a snare and a delusion, storing up grave and unsuspected troubles. No sane person, therefore, could rate automatic lubrication highly without believing in its dependability. We must infer that modern automatic systems have at last succeeded in inspiring the necessary degree of faith. Only as regards these few items did the motorists who were questioned reveal any general agreement. Many other features—in fact, the majority—were found to be very popular with a few individuals, mildly appreciated by others, and by a third section virtually ignored. Among these "indeterminate" features, incidentally, was my own "No. 1" selection!

Thus the mystery of exactly What the Public Wants remains. In all probability, it is a good all-round mixture of qualities which still provides the surest recipe for a successful car. Such a mixture, at the right price, represents Good Value, and there is no stronger recommendation than this.

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NOVEMBER 27, 1934

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What's On

The "Bystander's" Guide to London Amusements

THE THEATRE

Plays

As You Desire Me.—An interesting performance by Jean Forbes-Robertson in Pirandello's play, with Peter Godfrey, Clifford Bartlett, Kynaston Reeves: Royalty, 8.40. Thurs., Sat., 2.40.

Clive of India.—Colin Keith-Johnstone as Clive and Gillian Lind as his wife, in a historical drama with plenty of good scenes and action; excellent entertainment: Savoy, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

Ding and Co.—A finely-conceived and well-constructed play on the anti-war theme by C. K. Munro; Wyndham Goldie, Catherine Lacey, Torin Thatcher lead the acting: Embassy, 8.15. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

Eden End.—Priestley's play, about a North Country family, is one for all theatre-lovers to see and discuss; the acting of this "slice of life" is very fine; Edward Irwin, Ralph Richardson, Beatrix Lehmann, Alison Leggatt head the cast: Duchess, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

Family Affairs.—A grandmother by Lilian Braithwaite, a superbly foolish aunt by Athene Seyler, and the rest of the family includes Gyles Isham, Archibald Batty, Jack Livesey, Mary Glynne; the comedy 's by Gertrude Jennings: Ambassadors, 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30. Royal Wedding matinée, November 29th, 3.

Flowers of the Forest.—John van Druten's new play is another anti-war one; Gwen ffrangcon-Davies and Stephen Haggard act very finely: Whitehall, 8.30. Tues., Sat., 2.30.

For Ever.—Noel Langley's play about Dante, with Eric Portman as the poet, Margaretta Scott as Beatrice, Denis Blakelock as her husband: Shaftesbury, 8.15. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

The Greeks Had a Word For It.—Zoe Adkins's American comedy, with Margaret Rawlings, Hermione and Angela Baddeley, Clive Morton: Duke of York's, 8.30.

Hamlet.—A fine production and brilliant acting, especially by John Gielgud as Hamlet; George Howe is Polonius; Laura Cowie the Queen; Frank Vosper the King; Jessica Tandy is Ophelia: New, 8. Wed., Sat., 2.15.

St. Joan.—Shaw's play revived by the Vic-Wells Company, with Mary Newcombe as the Maid: Old Vic, 8 (except Tues.). Wed., Sat., 2.30.

Journey's End.—Revived for a short season: Criterion, 8.30. Tues., Sat., 2.30.

Living Dangerously.—First-class entertainment, with a good trial scene before the Medical Council; George Relph as the doctor-hero, Martin Walker as the villain, Carol Goodner as the wife: Piccadilly, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

Lover's Leap.—A gay and pleasant entertainment, with Owen Nares as a husband, Nora Swinburne as his wife, and Ursula Jeans and Walter Hudd as a half-hearted courting couple: Vaudeville, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

Mary Read.—Flora Robson as the eighteenth-century woman pirate; Robert Donat, Claude Allister, and Iris Hoey, in James Bridie's play: His Majesty's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

The Moon in the Yellow River.—Denis Johnston's Malvern and Westminster success; a tragi-comedy in an Irish setting: Haymarket, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

Moonlight is Silver.—Gertrude Lawrence gay and graceful as the wife, Douglas Fairbanks, Junr., as her jealous husband, Barry Jones excellent as her supposed lover, in Clemence Dane's drawing-room comedy: Queen's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

The Shining Hour.—High drama on a Yorkshire farm, with Raymond Massey as the farmer, Adrienne Allen as his loving wife, Gladys Cooper as the sister-in-law he loves; the play (by Keith Winter) and the acting spell success: St. James's, 8.40. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

Sweet Aloes.—Jay Mallory's unconvincing and novelette plot made credible by Diana Wynyard's fine acting, and good work by Hartley Power and Kathleen Wilson: Wyndham's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

Theatre Royal.—Marie Tempest, Madge Titheradge, and Margaret Vines all at their best as three generations of a theatrical family; Laurence Olivier dashing as a screen lover; the theme is grease paint versus ordinary life: Lyric, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

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With Music

Blackbirds of 1934.—An all-black revue hurled across with lightning speed, rhythm, and slickness; Lew Leslie conducts the band; Valaida, Edith Wilson, Tim Moore, Louise Madison, Nyas Berry, Peg-Leg Bates are some of the stars: Coliseum, 2.30 and 8.30.

Hi-Diddle-Diddle!—June, Douglas Byng, and Reginald Gardiner in an attractively decorated but unevenly amusing revue: Comedy, 8.30. Tues., Sat., 2.30.

Lucky Break.—It 's mostly Leslie Henson at his side-cracking funniest; others in this grand absurdity are Heather Thatcher, June Clyde, David Hutcheson: Strand, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

Merrie England.—Revival of Edward German's light opera. Nancy Fraser, Dennis Hoey, Enid Cruikshank, Rosalind Fuller, W. S. Percy in the cast, with Herman Finck in the conductor's chair: Prince's, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

Revuedeville No. 50.—Gus Chevalier, Kenneth Blain, and Edna Thompson, Morgan Davies, Milne and West, Eric Woodburn: Windmill, 1.30—11.30, non-stop.

Sporting Love.—In this all-laughing success are Stanley Lupino as king-laughter-maker, Laddie Cliff as his dancing clown-chamberlain, and Vera Bryer, Jennie Dean, and Marjorie Brown as the girls: Gaiety, 8.30. Tues., Thurs., 2.30.

Streamline.—The new Cochran revue, full of brilliant dancing, and good humour, with a huge star cast; Tilly Losch, Florence Desmond, Meg Lemmonier, Nora Howard, Charles Heslop, Esmond Knight, and innumerable others: Palace, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

Yes, Madam?—An amusing and well-constructed musical comedy, with Binnie Hale and Bobbie Howes as stars; Vera Pearce, Bertha Belmore, and Billy Leonard add to the very good fun: Hippodrome, 8.15. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

Mirth and Mystery

Admirals All.—Laura la Plante as a film star, gets involved with Chinese pirates and British admirals in the new Ian Hay-King Hall comedy; Clive Currie, Frank Cellier, and Aubrey Mather represent the Navy: Cambridge, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

Hyde Park Corner.—A medley of historical romance, farce and thriller, with Marion Lorne, Godfrey Tearle, Gordon Harker, J. H. Roberts involved: Apollo, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

Murder in Mayfair.—Ivor Novello in his own play as a pianist, Edna Best as the wild woman who vamped him and was murdered, Fay Compton as a consoling Duchess; the setting is a Mayfair Mews, which explains all: Globe, 8.30. Tues., Thurs., 2.30.

Ten-Minute Alibi.—Bernard Lee is the hero of this most successful of crook plays, which has run for over two years: Phœnix, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

Vintage Wine.—Seymour Hicks carries the play by being his inimitable self as the gay grandfather who marries a young wife (Claire Luce); Julia Neilson excellent as his mother: Daly's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30. Last week.

First Nights

Hurricane.—A play by Henry Broadwake, with Wilfred Lawson, Mary Grew, and Marie Ault: Playhouse, to-night.

Half a Crown.—Sydney Howard as a grocer who became a king, Malcolm Keen, Eileen Peel, Eliot Makeham: Aldwych, postponed to November 28th.

CINEMAS

Belle of the 'Nineties.—The new Mae West film at last, but her hips are more restrained: Plaza.

The Camels are Coming.—Jack Hulbert's new film, where he gets loose in Egypt; Anna Lee is the girl: New Gallery.

Caravan.—Erik Charell's gypsy musical piece, with Loretta Young, Charles Boyer, Phillip Holmes, and Jean Parker: Curzon.

The Cat's Paw.—The latest fantasia of another of the world's king funny-men—Harold Lloyd: New Victoria and Astoria.

Le Dernier Milliardaire.—René Clair's new masterpiece, as gay as and more satirical than ever: Academy.

Here Comes the Navy.—Big American Navy stuff with authentic photographs of Fleet manœuvres; James Cagney, Pat O'Brien, and Gloria Stuart star: Regal.

The Iron Duke.—George Arliss's long-awaited appearance as the Duke of Wellington takes place at a charity première for the Great Ormond Street Children's Hospital: Tivoli, November 30th.

Jew Süss.—Conrad Veidt's fine acting as the Jew and the general splendour of the production can still be seen: Marble Arch Pavilion.

The Last Gentleman.—In George Arliss's last Hollywood film he is an American grandfather, full of eccentric humour and crabbed shrewdness: Leicester Square.

The Merry Widow.—Jeannette MacDonald and Maurice Chevalier starring in the Ernst Lubitsch production of Lehar's musical comedy: Empire.

One Night of Love.—Another and excellent singing love-tale, with Grace Moore as the chief singer, plus Lyle Talbot, and Tullio Carminati: Carlton.

Shall the Children Pay?—Jean Parker as star, with Minna Gombell, Bryan Washburn, Willard Mack: Capitol.

Treasure Island.—A fine filmic reproduction of Stevenson's classic, with Wallace Beery in it: Dominion.

We Live Again.—Anna Sten gives a fine performance as the peasant girl in the film of Tolstoy's *Resurrection*: Fredric March plays opposite her: London Pavilion.

The World Moves On.—Madeleine Carroll's big Hollywood picture, with Franchot Tone playing opposite her; in the *Cavalcade* style: Tivoli, to November 29th.

OPERA AND BALLET

At Sadler's Wells—

Le Lac des Cygnes.—Second performance of complete ballet: to-night, 8.30.

Tosca: November 28th, 8.

Madame Butterfly: November 29th, 8.

The Marriage of Figaro: November 30th, 8.

Die Fledermaus: December 1st, 2.30.

Tosca: December 1st, 8.

Agnes de Mille.—Dance recital: Mercury, November 28th and 30th.

SHOWS AND EXHIBITIONS

Royal Society of Portrait Painters: Royal Institute Galleries.

The London Group: New Burlington Galleries, to November 30th.

"Sunday Times" Book Exhibition: Grosvenor House, to November 28th.

International Architecture.—At the new R.I.B.A. headquarters, Portland Place: from November 30th.

Applied Arts and Handcrafts: Horticultural Hall, from November 28th.

(*Continued on page* C)

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What's On

(Continued from page B)

MUSIC

Orchestral

B.B.C.—A Stravinsky programme, including the first performance in England of "Persephone"; Ida Rubinstein, René Marson, and Stravinsky, soloists; Wood and Stravinsky conducting: Queen's Hall, November 28th, 8.30.

Beecham Sunday Concert.—Beecham conducts the L.P.O. in Mozart's Jupiter Symphony, Delius's "Paris," and Beethoven's Second Symphony: Queen's Hall, December 2nd, 3.15.

L.S.O.—First performance of William Walton's new Symphony, with Harty conducting: Queen's Hall, November 3rd, 8.15.

Payling Subscription Concert.—First of the ninth season: Albert Hall, December 1st, 8.

Recitals

Josef Hofmann.—Programme includes Schumann's Fantasy in C major, Chopin, Scriabin Prokofieff, Liszt: Queen's Hall, November 27th, 8.15.

Dorothy Hesse.—Piano recital: Wigmore Hall, November 27th. 8.30.

Vaughan Welsh.—Second Lieder recital: Aeolian Hall, November 27th, 8.30.

Hilda Crevenna and Ernst Wolff.—Lieder duet recital: Aeolian Hall, November 28th, 8.30.

May Moore.—Song recital: Wigmore Hall. November 28th, 8.30.

Francis Koene.—Violin recital: Grotrian Hall, November 28th, 8.30.

Ellen Ballon.—Piano recital: Aeolian Hall, November 29th, 8.15.

Isolde Menges Quartet: Aeolian Hall, November 30th, 8.30.

Moriz Rosenthal.—Piano recital: Aeolian Hall, December 1st, 3.15.

Schnabel.—Sixth Mozart-Schubert-Schumann sonata recital: Queen's Hall, December 1st, 3.

Denise Lassimone.—With Sir Hamilton Harty and some of the L.S.O.: Wigmore Hall, December 1st, 3.

John McCormack.—Only recital this season: Albert Hall, December 2nd, 3.

Mischa Elman.—Only recital this season, a National Sunday League concert: Palladium, December 2nd, 3.15.

Eide Norena.—London Lieder concert: Hyde Park Hotel, December 2nd, 9.

Kurt Appelbaum.—Beethoven recital: Aeolian Hall, December 3rd, 8.30.

DANCING AND DINING

Restaurants

Blue Train.—Evening dress in the restaurant any dress in the grill; Billy Gerhardi's band plays: extension night, Tuesday.

Café Anglais.—Special cabarets; Java's Tzigane Orchestra, and Louis Simmonds's band: extension Tues., Wed., Thurs.

Café de Paris.—Ivy St. Helier entertains from Wednesday onwards; Jack Harris and his band play; wedding gala and extensions.

Café de la Paix.—Dare Lea's band, and José Norman and his Cubans; Queenie Leonard and Cooper appear at midnight.

Carlton.—Dancing all the week; Hildegarde, a lovely American from Paris, appears at midnight; special extensions.

Dorchester.—"Les Girls" in the new autumn edition of Midnight Follies, plus some first-class turns, appear at midnight: special extensions.

Grosvenor House.—Another glittering company of girls—Félix Ferry's Monte Carlo Follies of 1934—are here: special extensions.

Ritz.—Sherkot, the brilliant comedy dancer, and the Western Brothers entertain on Royal Wedding night.

Silver Grill, Ashford Road, Maidstone.—A good place to dine on the Folkestone Road; really excellent food, including caviare and oysters and service.

Theatre Restaurant.—Small, but excellent; a good chef and a good cellar; Ricci, late of the Savoy and Claridge's, is in charge (opposite Tivoli).

Villa Rodet.—The place for Russian food; music by Theodore Quitter's band; special extensions.

Ballrooms

Red Cross Ball.—Grosvenor House, November 28th.

Blue Bird Ball.—In aid of Belgrave Hospital for Children: Claridge's, November 28th.

St. Andrew's Eve Ball.—Grosvenor House, November 29th.

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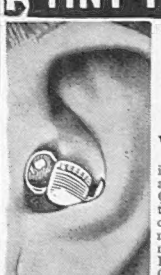

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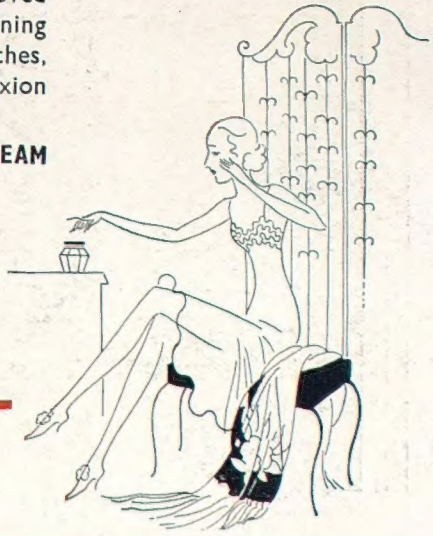

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